

MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER 11: ONE YEAR AFTER



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Remembrance and the desire to forget

BY NOW, the images are so horribly familiar that it seems, in a curious way, as though they have always been with us. There is the fire of the two towers at the World Trade Center, engulfing in flames—even as we see a hijacked aircraft looming on the horizon, poised at the second tower. There are the unbelievable moments as both towers collapse, and the sight of thousands of people fleeing in terror at what has happened—while facing whatever may happen next. There is the necessary, more distant, of how it felt as we learned that a third plane had plunged into the Pentagon, and a fourth into a Pennsylvania field. How and when would this day—these events—end, and was a new form of war now beginning?

A year after Sept. 11, 2001—the day when television took more than 3,000 lives—we know those images so well that it seems gratuitous to replay them too often. For those who lost friends or family, each new showing brings an awareness that they are, once more, seeking lived lives out. Others are torn between finding a need to remember and a wish to forget.

Those conflicting senses drive a debate centring around how much people's lives have changed since then. One reason why that question is impossible to answer is that the environment in which we consider it continues to change. Immediately after Sept. 11, it looked as though terrorists could strike anywhere with impunity, so everyone's life seemed at risk. Now, those concerns, rightly or not, have receded, and the changes to our lifestyle—larger airports, fewer trips to far-off places, more quarantine at border crossings—are more mundane. And the effects of the most important issue—the struggle

in the world of Islam for its soul, and the effects of that upon others—will be played out far years to come.

This issue of *Maclean's* is devoted to dealing with these events and questions. We remember those who died, and in doing that, consider the fragility of our own lives. We also reflect, because the world is a much different place than it was before that day. Until then, the United States under George W. Bush was considered too isolationist—where some people now consider it too intrusive, the Middle East still held hope for peace, Afghanistan, though ruled by a repressive theocracy, was not yet an international focal point, and Canada's prospects of sending troops to handle terrorism as remote as, well, the prospect that terrorists might take Canadian lives.

Even as the United States and Canada drew closer together—in part because of Sept. 11—our shared border both joins and divides our countries. But the most profound division, of course, transcends nationality: it's the divide between those who lost friends and family—including the 34 Canadian killed—and everyone else. On Sept. 11, those who debate whether the world has changed should consider how blessed they are to be able to do so. For the deceased—their lives devoured on that day—the answer is all too clear.

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MACLEAN'S

Canada's leading news magazine

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Anthony Wilson-Smith

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Afghanistan | A Canadian teenager becomes a U.S. prisoner

Was he a reluctant child soldier, forced into the al Qaeda underworld? What is known is that U.S. officials claim Toronto teenager Omar Khadr, 15, whose father is believed to have led to Osama bin Laden's terrorist group, shot and killed Sergeant 1st Class Christopher James Speer during a battle with American forces near Kabul, in eastern Afghanistan, on July 27. Khadr, who was wounded in that fight, has been held by U.S. forces at the Bagram air base north of Kabul, although his arrest was not made public until last week.

Khadr's older brother, Abdul Rahim Khadr, 19, also fought in Afghanistan and was captured by the anti-Taliban Northern Alliance in November. Their father, Ahmed Saad Khadr, who was born in Egypt and has dual Canadian and Egyptian citizenship, has disappeared, but it is well known to Foreign Affairs officials. In 1995, he was accused in Pakistan

Ahmed Saad Khadr in a Pakistani hospital in 1996 with his wife and one of his sons; U.S. author tries to say Speer (below) was killed by 15-year-old Omar Khadr



and accused of helping finance the 1993 bombing of the Egyptian embassy in Islamabad. Saying he was an innocent charity worker, the elder Khadr appealed to Canada for help, and was later freed after Jean Chrétien personally intervened on his behalf during a visit to Pakistan.

Asked about the arrest, the Prime Minister said the teenager will receive consular help. "We have to know what is the situation," said Chrétien, "and what are the processes that will apply to him." Officials are concerned about his legal status because he is being held as a person "under control"—a designation Canada does not recognize. In a statement, Foreign Affairs and Ottawa "is concerned that a Canadian juvenile has been detained, and his age should be taken into account." But a spokesman for the U.S. Department of Justice said because Khadr was in Afghanistan, he could be considered an enemy combatant.

ScoreCard

A John Manley: Finance Minister talks Canada to "grow up" and stop thinking of the country as a "special position" to the U.S. Does he have George W.'s attention to say that?



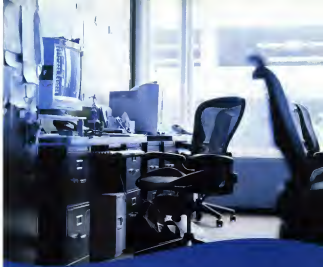
A John Manley: After a statement is filed with his hair, every Canadian calls him "Manley." He is a smiling, lean Chrétien. "I walk a little straighter now," he says. 50-50.

A The Senate: Sparks persistent debate by using legislation to vote on a bill. Will the Senate follow suit? Double or not double. That is the question.

A Guy Laak: Washington State Gov. appoints giant golfed power plant on R.C. leader. A bill dums the province's nuclear power industry—no votes to be lost there.

A Ralph Klein: Power of drought-stricken Alberta wages war against Chrétien's decision to veto Kyoto Protocol. Drought and global climate change? Now, couldn't be coincidence.

A Bernard Lenoir: Quebec Premier wants other parties to accept. Plans to introduce legislation in 2004. If rejected, it's a strong new starting point in a hole, too deep to dig.



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"We're not marijuana activists—we're looking at life the way it is. We're giving people criminal records for having a joint in their pockets. It's patently absurd."

TOMMY BARNES, a member of the Senate Special Committee on Illegal Drugs, which recommended legalization of marijuana.

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Market Minutes at :13 and :43.*

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*Market Minutes are available during market and after market sessions.

THE WEEK

These shocking senators

Some Canadians may think the Senate is irrelevant, but it sure grabbed everyone's attention last week. How? By issuing a 600-page report from the Senate Special Committee on Illegal Drugs that concluded pot is not harmful to health and should be legal for any Canadian over the age of 16 to consume. "See if the evidence overwhelmingly indicates that cannabis is less harmful than alcohol," said the committee chairman, Progressive Conservative Senator Pierre Claude Nolin. "It should be treated not as a criminal issue, but as a social and public health issue." As well as decriminalizing the possession of pot for personal use, the senators called for the licensing of growers and distributors. Although the document has science and pot smokers on its side—B.C. Marijuana Party president Marc Emery called it "a beacon of light"—it's likely to suffer the same gathering-dust-on-the-shelf fate as previous such reports. Justice Minister Martin Cauchon said he is already considering removing marijuana from the criminal code and making possession an offence punishable by a fine. But he said the "legalization of marijuana is not possible from an international point of view." In fact, George W. Bush's new drug czar, John Wilkins, immediately denounced the report, saying U.S. studies have clearly shown that marijuana use is harmful.

Show us the money

Finance Minister John Manley lowered the amount of money he wants back from Ontario to \$1.3 billion from \$2.8 billion—and says the province should pay up. Ottawa, which collects taxes on behalf of most provinces, overpaid Ontario as well as Alberta, B.C. and Manitoba, but is not asking the others to hand the money back. Ontario Finance Minister Janet Ecker said the mistake was Ottawa's and Ontario shouldn't have to repay.

Referendum gamble

The Parti Québécois, which must call an election by November, 2003, is promising to hold another referendum on secession if it is re-elected. Premier Bernard Landry said the referendum would be held in 2004 to Quebec could take its position as an independent nation at the Summit of the Americas in Buenos Aires in 2005. But



Environment | Pressing ahead with Kyoto

As the World Summit on Sustainable Development ended in Johannesburg with environmentalists decrying the meeting as a misgereltdown, Jean Chrétien rejoined himself to a storm of criticism. The Prime Minister in what some analysts said was an attempt to create his own environmental legacy, had told the gathering Canada would sign the Kyoto accord on greenhouse gases by year's end. "We cannot wait forever," Chrétien said. "Look at the drought in Alberta."

Chrétien was cheered by environmentalists, who say the energy industry is a major source of greenhouse gases. But his pledge was greeted with outrage by Alberta Premier

Protesters at the Johannesburg summit

Ralph Klein, who fears his province's oil-and-gas-based economy will be devastated if industry has to cut back to meet Kyoto targets. Other provinces, including Ontario, British Columbia and New Scotia, soon expressed similar concerns. Klein wants Ottawa to delay until the full cost of implementation is clear. But Chrétien said he will go ahead, and at least a partial plan could be put before Parliament in October. And whatever is done, he said, will take years to implement, allowing the government to soften Kyoto's impact on the economy.

the PQ faces an uphill struggle. According to a poll by Leger Marketing, 65 per cent of elected voters oppose sovereignty.

Living up some cash

Bell Canada agreed to pay 20,000 clerical and sales workers \$178 million in part of a pay equity settlement. The cases date back to 1992 when a study by Bell and its union found that operators and clerical workers, who are mostly female, earned \$2 to \$5.35 an hour less than Bell's largely

male workforce of technicians. Individual payouts range from \$500 to \$36,000 depending on length of service.

Liberal tensions

Federal Liberal party president Stephen LeDrew said there is a solid consensus among the executive that a leadership convention should be held no later than December, 2003. But a member of Jean Chrétien's inner circle said that was too early because the Prime Minister won't leave



Disease | Five may have mosquito-borne West Nile virus

An Ontario resident has contracted West Nile virus, said Dr. Colin O'Curra, the province's chief medical officer of health. The unidentified man was one of five suspected cases found in Canada since Aug. 30. At week's end, tests to confirm whether the other four also have the mosquito-borne virus were still underway at Wimpsey's National Microbiology Laboratory. O'Curra cautioned Ontario residents about mosquito bites, but added it was important to put the risk in perspective. "The flu," he said, "poses a much greater risk to your health." The first confirmed case of West Nile virus in Canada, also an Ontario resident, is believed to have contracted the virus while travelling in the United States in 1999. That was the year the

virus, which is common in Africa and Asia, appeared in North America, killing seven in the New York City borough of Queens. It has been blamed for 37 deaths so far this year in the U.S., where it has spread as far west as Montana.

In Canada, the disease has turned up in humans, birds and mosquitoes in Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Quebec, as well as in Ontario. Mosquitoes contract the disease from birds and then spread it to humans and other animals. Most people infected suffer no symptoms, or mild flu-like ones, including fever, muscle weakness and headache. But rare instances, mostly in older people or those with weakened immune systems, it can cause encephalitis and even result in death.

Crushed

The world has finally caught up to the Americans on the hardwood. At the World Basketball Championship in Indianapolis, a U.S. team made up of National Basketball Association players went down to defeat on two consecutive nights, losing 87-80 to Argentina and 81-78 to Yugoslavia. True, it wasn't the usual American Dream Team, as stars like Shaquille O'Neal and Kobe Bryant stayed home, but since 1992 the U.S. had won 58 straight international games.

Passages

SENTENCED Nabil al-Murabbi, the former Toronto man arrested after the Sept. 11 attacks for his alleged ties to the al Qaeda terrorist group, was sentenced to eight months for an immigration violation. In June, al-Murabbi pleaded guilty to trying to enter the U.S. illegally in June, 2001. Despite the judge's concerns about al-Murabbi being in possession of US\$22,000 at the time of his arrest, prosecutors had no evidence that he was involved in terrorist activities. After time served, he was ordered deported to Syria.

WFO During the course of his career, Lionel Hampton, the legendary jazz vibraphonist, mentored Charles Mingus and Dinah Washington and played with the likes of Louis Armstrong and Charlie Parker. The "King of Vibes" broke the race barrier among musicians when, in 1936, he joined Benny Goodman on stage. Hampton, 94, died of heart failure in a New York hospital.

STONED Two of Canada's NHL teams just top dollar for their best players last week. First, restricted free agent **Justin Thibault**, backbone of the Montreal Canadiens' recent resurgence, settled on a three-year contract worth US\$16.5 million with the club. The 26-year-old commiserated the enormous deal after having voiced the NHL's most valuable player and top goaltender last season. The next day in Calgary, the



Justin Thibault

Flames finalized a two-year contract with the NHL's top scorer in 2001-02, winger **Jacques Lemaire**. Lemaire, 25, another restricted free agent, will take home a reported US\$13 million over the next two seasons.

WOMEN'S Women's soccer scored a major success in the FIFA women's under-19 championship Canada took silver—losing 1-0 in overtime to the U.S. team—in a game that drew 47,000 fans to Edmonton's Commonwealth Stadium. A starring 99-4,000 viewers tuned in to the TV broadcast on Rogers SportsNet, eclipsing the network's record audience of 697,000 for a 2002 Stanley Cup playoff game.

office until 2004. A further complication: Chertoff has yet to submit a retirement letter and the executive cannot set a date for the convention until he does so.

Drive-by murder

While her daughter watched in horror, Brenda Conits, 44, the mother of eight, was shot in the back while she waited the family arrives at a Niagara, B.C., store. Two days later, RCMP arrested her estranged husband Joseph Conits, 46, and charged him with second-degree murder.

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MACLEANS BEHIND THE SCENES



BRINGING HOME THE WORLD

Benoit Aubin has logged thousands of kilometres on behalf of Maclean's readers during the past year. From Ground Zero in New York City to James Bay in northern Quebec, to France, Turkey and Greece, the Quebec bureau chief has travelled widely to bring home the stories that matter to Canadians.

Aubin (above, in Old Montreal) had been with Maclean's only a few weeks when he was dispatched to New York City to cover the aftermath of last September's terrorist attacks. "When I returned, I discovered that the usual Quebec stories had taken a back seat to what was happening elsewhere in the world," he recalls.

So Aubin looked outside the province, where several intriguing events were developing. One was France's run-off presidential election last May following a stunning first-ballot showing by right-wing demagogue Jean-Marie LePen. Stories on Turkish efforts to join the European Union and Greek preparations for the 2004 Summer Olympics followed.

Back home, he went to James Bay to examine the historic agreement between Quebec and the Cree. And in May he detailed the fading fortunes of the Parti Québécois.

Aubin discovers a common thread running through most of these stories, both domestic and international. "Essentially they're about local cultures trying to cope with globalization. As a French Canadian working for Maclean's, I'm well prepared to understand the issues at play in these scenarios."

In this week's issue, Aubin offers a Canadian perspective on how New Yorkers are coping one year after 9/11. Watch for this and other stories in Maclean's and its sister publication, L'actualité.

For further information, contact:



On September 11th the world stopped.
And we started.

Even one year later, the horror of 9/11 remains difficult to grasp. But the shock of that event did more than stretch our imaginations. It has stretched support and relief services to the extremes. With our thousands of volunteers however, The Salvation Army was able to react instantly and massively to the crisis. For example, we were on-site at Ground Zero, providing aid and comfort even before the first Tower fell. In Canada, over 40,000 volunteers went into supplying 88,000 meals and other relief to stranded travellers. And in the days, weeks and months to follow, The Salvation Army helped in dozens of ways, from grief counselling to cutting sales for broken wheelbarrows were literally walking on their feet. For those of us who have lived through 9/11, it may take a lifetime to fully comprehend the out of the chaos, there is at least one truth that has already emerged: the spirit that guides and uplifts us is still standing strong.



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GET BEHIND THE SHIELD



SEPTEMBER 11: ONE YEAR AFTER



Fire engulfs a building in a city, with flames and smoke rising into the air. The fire is very intense and appears to be consuming the structure.

Unidentified, however, the fire is very intense and appears to be consuming the structure.





The echoes of terror

It took just 102 minutes on a bright, blue morning—and the attacks still reverberate

IT IS AN ANNIVERSARY for which no ceremony is needed. But the past year, the day has lurked at the periphery of our imaginations, intruding when we go up or tell buildings or a plane flies low overhead. We have felt its shadowy influence in the way we look at strangers, the extra consideration in our travel plans, what we think when we see a bus cutter left lying on a table. It has been present in our new-found interest in remote places, and our heightened respect for firefighters. And now, as the calendar circles back to the new shepherd for 9/11—it is with us more than ever. A cold dread that marks the end of a hot summer, as we pray it won't happen again.

Horribly, it took just 102 minutes on a bright, blue morning to make an indelible impression. Four innocent peo-

ple, two landmarks craved, a fortress in flames, 3,025 innocent victims, and a society thrown into disarray. Offices were closed, stores shut their doors, parents took their children out of school—even in communities far removed from Washington, New York and rural Pennsylvania. An attack so unexpected and diabolically successful that nowhere seemed safe. The American response divided the world into friends and foes, with Canadian ground troops joining the fray for the first time in 50 years. Still ahead, the promise of further confusion.

Jennifer Charon has kept her World Trade Center building plans and keys to the nation that used to exist on the north tower's 94th and 95th floors. Last year, the Hamilton-born graphic artist was helping organize shows and exhibitions at the

complex, aiding the 25 artists in residence who found inspiration in the view from the top of the city. Charon steps late that morning. She heard about the first jet on the radio, and rushed to her apartment window just in time to see the unthinkable happen again. "I watched this big plane come across the sky and slam into the north tower," the 36-year-old recalls. "I close my eyes and I can still see it."

Charon spent the rest of the day on the phone trying to account for co-workers, numbed by the thought of how things might have been for her if the terrorist had struck in mid-afternoon. The tragedy became the new normal of life. The tragedy numbed by the thought of how things might have been for her if the terrorist had struck in mid-afternoon. The tragedy became the new normal of life. The tragedy numbed by the thought of how things might have been for her if the terrorist had struck in mid-afternoon. The tragedy became the new normal of life.

reounded," says Charon. Emotionally exhausted, she quit her job and returned to Ontario last spring. "My favorite part of being back in Canada is that I don't think about it every day," she says.

IN THE AFTERMATH, it became gospel that our world had been fundamentally altered on Sept. 11, and for weeks the prophecy rang true as grief and shock colored daily life. Houses of worship were packed, sporting events were canceled, family became a priority. The effort didn't last: a year later life in some normal than most of us could have imagined. But the reverberations of an act that much of the world watched unfold on TV continue to be felt at home and abroad.

Bob MacDonald senses them in his work as a firefighter. The 46-year-old

union head is one of almost 400 Vancouver firefighting personnel who have made the pilgrimage to New York to help with relief efforts or pay respects to fallen comrades. "Ground Zero left me speechless in its entirety. Television didn't capture it," says MacDonald. "People may not understand how the death of a New York firefighter can so deeply affect someone in Vancouver, but this caused all forms of decay." It's more than the senseless loss of life, he says. Sept. 11 changed the way emergency workers view their jobs. In a career rife with risks, it provided one more element to worry about. "We have tall buildings in Vancouver, areas that are susceptible to attack," says MacDonald. "We just don't say, 'Oh, it won't happen here,' anymore."

Shafiq Siddiqui feels the aftershocks in

Winnipeg. For her and other members of Manitoba's small Islamic community, Sept. 11 revealed the poles of hatred and compassion that exist in Canadian society. In the days following the attack, there were threats of vandalism, acts of vandalism, and violent incidents of violence against Muslims. Siddiqui and others departed and wondered how a small band of fanatical extremists could be taken as representatives of a religion that preaches love and peace. But the virtue was soon edged by messages of support and requests for information. "It was a really, really good opportunity for us to open doors, start dialogues, fight the fear on both sides," says Siddiqui.

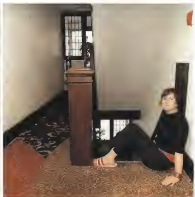
Still, with the threat of more terror hanging in the air, she worries that the progress could wash away in another wave of anger. Muslims in Canada already feel

the state of suspicion in their dealings with police, government and fellow citizens, she says. It's not middle-aged white businessmen who receive the extra scrutiny at airports. "There's a lot of fear and it's taking a toll," says Siddiqui. "We are trying to find an easy solution to a complex problem. Do we really believe that if the 12 billion Muslims in the world converted to Christianity tomorrow all screens would stop?"

Cpl. Jean-François Papineau heard the echoes of Sept. 11 in the confusion and confusion that punctuated life in Kandahar, Afghanistan. On the morning of the attack, the 25-year-old combat engineer watched the twin towers crumble from his base in Edmonton, as colleagues scrambled to respond to a threat they weren't even sure existed yet. Five months later, Papineau and his cohorts arrived at a dusty airfield halfway around the world, knowing little of the challenges before them. "I didn't know what to expect. We had heard that there were more land mines and unexploded ordnance in that country than anywhere else," says the explosives specialist. His war as a terrorist earned out to consist of long periods of boredom, miserable living conditions, and surreal moments of violence. "It was hard to feel the danger until something happened around you," says Papineau. Four Canadian soldiers died in a friendly-fire incident in April.

Since their return home in late July, the Afghanistan soldiers have been overwhelmed by the public's gratitude. Papineau isn't sure the world is any safer because of his time in Afghanistan, but thinks it was a step in that direction. "If you're discussing the bad guys, keeping them at bay, then they won't have time to terrorize the public," he says.

WHEN TIMOTHY McVEIGH made a twisted statement against his own government in 1995, he chose a nondescript federal office building in a three-story slab. Al Qaeda's targets on the morning of Sept. 11, 2001, were familiar symbols of American economic, military and (in the case of the downed jet in Pennsylvania) presumed to be headed for the White House political mess. But while his leaders and his fellow terrorists succeeded in smoldering fear, how successful were



I close my eyes and I still see it—you couldn't get away from it. (Cheney says)

they in damaging the spaces they despise? Ironically, economists predicted the worst. The stock market plunged, central banks cut interest rates, business leaders begged for bailouts, and politicians told consumers to fight terror with their pocket books. A year later, the American economy is still staggering, but under the burden of more multinational elite—greed and corruption. Overall growth in Canada slowed briefly, but we have no sign of sliding into recession.

Tim O'Neill, chief economist for the Bank of Montreal, was attending a conference at a hotel next to the twin towers on the morning of Sept. 11. The events of the day seared in his mind, but don't appear to be preoccupying investors. "The problems caused by 9/11 were very relative by quickly," he says. "The only lasting effects seem to be heightened concerns about future attacks, and a level of uncertainty brought about by American sabotage coming over Iraq." Arabians are struggling to survive, but the industry was in deep

trouble long before Sept. 11, says O'Neill. The big picture doesn't tell the whole truth, however. Tourism in Canada, like the rest of the world, declined sharply and still hasn't fully recovered. Ottawa is spending millions promoting the Great White North south of the border. The ads will feature plenty of Muslims in red scrubs, "to remind people that we're a safe destination," says Jan Watson, CEO of the Canadian Tourism Commission.

More than anything, Sept. 11 exposed how much the Canadian economy relies on free and unfettered access to the United States. "The value of cross-border trade between the two countries is \$1.9 billion a day. If America shut down international air travel, stops trucks and trains at its borders, or keeps ships from entering its ports, Canada feels the pinch. "The challenge is to make sure the border doesn't become any thicker," says Bill Robson, director of research for the C.D. Howe Institute, a Toronto think-tank. Investors and businesses will flock south if they believe their products won't be able to get to market, he says.

In the past year, Ottawa has taken steps



"It was a really good opportunity for us to fight the fear on both sides," says Siddiqui.

to keep people and products moving, establishing fast-track procedures for low-risk goods and travelers, earmarking \$440 million for increased border security and surveillance, and giving U.S. Customs and its enforcement an enhanced role on this side of the border. The future appears to demand even greater integration, like the 30-point border management plan hammered out between the two sides. "We've always had this ambivalence about being seen to co-optimize closely with the U.S. on a political level," says Robson. "But we're not equally in control of our own fate on the floor."

Despite those efforts, many argue Canada has a long way to go before we can assure ourselves and our neighbors that terrorists can't easily use this country as a staging ground for future attacks. The threats at airports and border crossings are bigger, but that doesn't necessarily mean we're safer. Security behind the scenes at busy hubs like Toronto's Pearson International, and ports in Halifax, Montreal and Vancouver, remain vulnerable, according to the recent findings of a parliamentary committee. "I think you've

got three distinct legs of weakness—land, air, and sea—each with the capacity to cause horrendous problems," says Colin Kenny, chair of the Standing Senate Committee on National Security and Defence. Whether it's inadequate baggage screening at Pearson, the alarming number of workers at airports with criminal records, or lightly trained summer students watching the world's longest unattended border, Canada remains vulnerable. "There's still a hell of a lot to do," says Kenny.

The federal government's other responses to the new global reality have also come under fire. The omnibus Anti-Terrorism Act made it a crime to aid or fund groups Ottawa identifies as terrorist organizations, expanded police wiretapping powers and gave officers the right to make "preventive arrests." Immigration and refugee policy has been overhauled, and changes are in the works to diversify of other acts. Alan Borovoy, general counsel to the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, says many of the new laws

threaten fundamental freedoms. "The structural actions of the government can make a person a virtual pariah," he says, noting that innocent Canadians can be misidentified as terrorists. The CCLA is calling for the creation of a civilian watchdog to audit how law enforcement officials use their new power.

But according to David Harris, a former chief of strategic planning for the Canadian Security Intelligence Service, the people who fight terror already face too many constraints. Harris, who claims that at least 50 radical groups are operating in Canada, says politicians are unwilling to take the tough measures necessary to stop the problem. Overworked security officials can't hope to thoroughly screen the hundreds of thousands of immigrants, refugees and foreign visitors who arrive every year. "We seem bent on acting out ourselves up for a catastrophe," says Harris. "Canada is an easy mark."

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY will be observed with countless memorials, public and private. Rod MacDonald and his colleagues will march through the streets of Vancouver, observe two minutes of silence, then listen to a band play Amazing Grace. Shahana Siddiqui will join the mayor of Winnipeg and other dignitaries for an interfaith service. Jennifer Charron will make a memory box for her legs, building pain and other "inexplicable reminders" of the vanished people (she used to brush by it in the recesses, or share an elevator with).

One year ago, for a few weeks, our newly discovered vulnerability bared us together, crossing borders, rejecting divisions of class, religion and race. People opened their homes to stranded travelers, donated money, sought out their own connections to a televised tragedy. Ultimately, "everything" didn't change, but it's impossible to argue our world is the same as it was on Sept. 10, 2001. "It's a weird feeling," Charron says of the giant clearing that now exists at the WTC site. "There's a place that you know is well, but you can't go back, because it doesn't cost anyone." A sensation of loss and cynicism that extends much farther than the confines of lower Manhattan.

By David Shields and Chris Rock



Writing 9/11 into the Great American Story

IT'S INDEPENDENCE DAY, 2002, and Greenwich is throwing a party. Crazily money has no effect: this Connecticut town, just 45 minutes up the New Haven Line from New York City, is no mere upstate American Dreamland. This is where the American dream, old money and new, live behind stone walls in gated estates on the leafy backcountry or by Long Island Sound, where they can buy their Rolls or Mercedes and shop on a posh main street where Saks Fifth Avenue long ago replaced Whole Foods, where President Bush's boy George was drawn to school by the family chauffeur on his way to becoming the 43rd President of the United States and siring George Washington II.

Top, a healthy tax base here and a determination to celebrate, irritation be damned. And that's the disconcerting part, at least to me on the first July 4 since Sept. 11. Greenwich High is an armed camp. Dozens of beefy cops patrol the parking lot, sliding cars into tight spots as vehicles so afraid for bodies, others peer through binoculars from the school roof. This is a town whose most infamous crime, the 1993 murder of a 15-year-old girl by an openly gay teacher, was prosecuted not with a bomb or a gun but with a golf club (but who can argue? Greenwich lost 22 people in the recent attack—20 who worked at the World Trade Center, two on hapless planes. So one too balks at the show of force, and a band plays the Star Spangled Banner, and thousands gaze up through the sweltering heat as fireworks explode again and again, as if to go good through the night that the American spirit is still there.

Or so it seemed—until your native country (indefinitely) ceased and even the expanded can feel profound. Most the year of chaos immatures and it helps to check your diaries with friends who didn't live

once, with no disrupted to victims from elsewhere, this was above all an American tragedy, meaning that Tucson, say, is closer to New York than Toronto is. One friend, who left on a cross-continent odyssey a few weeks before the terrorist strikes, says that in Canada people responded to her license plates. "They'd come up and go, 'Oh, you're from New York, I'm so sorry.' Whereas in the States people didn't do that. I think they felt it was an attack on the entire country, not just New York City."

One year later, there are signs of enduring trauma, especially in the blast zones. A friend in Washington, a U.S. diplomat, says every time she crosses the Potomac from the Virginia suburbs she wonders what would happen if the bridge was attacked. "Would I be killed by a drawing? Would the bridge fall on my head? What would become of my daughter?" In New York, the principal of a downtown school says right up to the end of the year students continued to draw pictures of planes flying into buildings, as if still trying to come to grips with what they saw, to make sense, but also to get some distance from it. "God knows what they dreamed," she says.

Flawless displays aside, though, much of the country does seem to have moved on, its freetime finding life flag stickers on car windows. In Atlanta, a friend says, the talk is of the troubled economy, college football and how to keep your lawn green despite water restrictions. Everywhere, people have grown accustomed to peering eyes at airports. The war in Afghanistan drags on but kills few Americans, acquiring fierce local force-justice families. No one seems to know whether Bush's "evil" and bin Laden is dead or alive, or much more. The administration has a new villain, Saddam Hussein, and another war planned. It's human nature: bury the dead and get on with living.

But it's more than that: Americans have

Through sheer size and power and will, the U.S. finds a way to move on



a remarkable ability to misbehave on a scale of this magnitude. They do it through sheer size, and power, and will, through the creative chaos of free-market democracy, they make apocalypse part of the Great American Story. They invest an accidental president with sudden stature, the press and public in silent conspiracy—so maybe he's on Lincoln on his pedestal or even Josiah Bartlet on West Wing, but he's rising to the occasion, isn't he? They sell Bush bobbleheads and dolls, ball police and firefighters, make war, debate memorials, donate money, write songs and movies and TV shows about loss and redemption and bravery and revenge ("we'll put a boot in your ass, it's the American way"). It's over the top sometimes but majestic and often impressive—witness the minuscule cloning of the World Trade Center site. Late one night a couple of months after the attack, I found me walking in downtown Manhattan "and here's this procession of semi-trailers coming in from the war and dumping the stuff, and three



The Sept. 11 site, like the wall of "loving" posters in New York, became instant attractions, joining icons like Mount Rushmore and Pearl Harbor (left) that help bind America together

huge cranes sucking it up and loading it onto a barge to take away—we were just aspecked that it was close to one o'clock in the morning and trucks after trucks after trucks were heading that crap out of there."

A potent symbol of defiance, that clear up, just as the towers were symbols of American economic might. That's why the terrorists targeted them, of course—because Americans put so much stock in their national icons. They maintain them and preserve them and help lead the country together with them. Some are celebratory, like the Statue of Liberty championing immigrants ("We'll miss you," a friend told my traveling friend with her New York plans. "I can't say I love New York, but every loyal American has to go see the Lady at least once in his life") and Mount Rushmore ("It's specially American," a diagnosed German tourist farts once told me. "If you would do this in Germany, everyone would say you are a Nazi." He was right but also missed the point: America has rendered a kind of democratic monolithism.) Other places tell tales of death and disaster—Pearl

Harbor, Oldham's Key. Never forget, never surrender. And people aren't waiting for permanent memorials to Sept. 11; all summer they've been tearing the New York Washington Pennsylvania triangle of sites, a kind of secular pilgrimage.

Of course, a civic world note that tourists will go see anything, that visiting these major monuments as much pay-off as patriotism. Just as People magazine runs regulars with big-name celebrities, so any speak of ground (the Field of Dreams stadium, the walk where O.J. was murdered) can suddenly be as famous as Valley Forge and Appomattox. This is also democracy, equal-opportunity trivialization. But it doesn't keep the patriotic learn from working their commemorative magic. The Alamo celebrates heroes and freedom, not a Texas land grab or war potting it. The Sept. 11 memorials won't dwell on whether sinister forces, or better intelligence, could have prevented the attacks. They'll be places of mourning but they'll also be rallying points, not deluding powers. Already the mythology is taking hold.

No one doubts the courage of the New York firefighters or the guys who stormed the towers of Flight 93. But to call all 3,000-plus people killed that day "heroes," as many have done, is generous to a fault. It devalues the word, if it had history if good politics, a warm fog of Americanism while obscuring self-interest and the best market shows up savings and Enron and WorldCom suggest something rotten at the core of U.S. capitalism.

But never mind. American life goes on, sadder and maybe a little wiser but not shaken as its bedrock faith. Some even claim a kind of terrible inspiration. Algal secretary who used to work at the World Trade Center says she now tries to live a more fruitful and loving life, "as if I can be vaporized at any moment." Assessing our past is a tricky business, though, and one year is a blink in time. Pearl Harbor would have a vastly different resonance if Japan had won the war. Sept. 11 will be a single cataclysmic chapter unless terrorists strike again, and again. The Great American Story has proved flexible enough in deal with defeat, as the Vietnam memorial is eloquently silent. The question now may be whether it can handle war without end. ■

They invest Bush with sudden stature—so maybe he's no Lincoln on his pedestal or even Josiah Bartlet on West Wing, but he's rising to the occasion, isn't he?

One year later, the pain still remains

HOW DO YOU explain grief to a toddler that Daddy died when a plane crashed into his work? And how does the mother keep her sanity after a year of explosions that don't easily let her children on, even herself? Last week, Abigail Carter flew home to New Jersey with her two young kids after visiting her sister in British Columbia. Once the plane took off, her three-year-old son, Carter, turned to her and asked, "Where's Daddy?"

Daddy was Arnon Duck, a 39-year-old, Toronto-based financial executive. On the morning of Sept. 11, 2001, he called Abigail from the World Trade Center where he wanted to say he thought a bomb had gone off in the building. She never heard from him again. Today, his wife is a single parent with a seven-year-old daughter, Olivia, who is "working hard to be happy" and a confused son. "I do think Carter was concerned that he was on a plane and that planes hit the buildings," says Abigail. "Even someone so little is picking up what's going on."

For Abigail, Olivia, Carter and the other families of the 24 Canadians who died on Sept. 11, the past 12 months involved many "what-ifs." There's the unbearable grief and anger of losing someone so suddenly, so senselessly. There is the struggle to rebuild lives, day by day, month by month. But these families also face unique challenges—reliving the moment of death over and over again on television, approving designs and inscriptions for memorials, talking to the media, sharing new memories with strangers who, by chance, experienced the same tragedy.

Recently, over the past year, relationships have changed. Widows meet for dinner. A deceased son's friends are now the parents' support network. But for each person the grieving process is surely different. Christine Ladogian, who lost her 32-year-old bond broker son Mark, attends every Sept. 11 memorial she can. Her husband Karl has never been to Ground Zero. "I can't relive all the stuff,"

he says. "It doesn't do anything for me. The door is closed, and it's not going to be opened again."

Even in this dark and difficult year, there have been brief moments of joy. Three of the widows have given birth since their husbands died. But they too faced unexpected hurdles. When Cindy Barlowy bore her second son, choosing to name him after his father David seemed natural yet also a little macabre. For Irina Elmiy, who lost her 30-year-old husband Albert, naming her first child Lada Marie was easy. "It was the only name we discussed together," Irina says. "I don't know how I would have gotten through this time without her. She is a blessing, a miracle and my reason to have hope." For Karl Ladogian, canine therapy has been the biggest help. Before he died, Mark gave his father Chibi, a golden retriever. "A lot of Mark is in her, for sure," says Karl. "We have that connection still."

Holding onto happier memories, not allowing Sept. 11 to mar the images of their loved one, is just one of the ways Canadians facing these families. Some prefer to remember Sept. 11 privately, sharing all media and public events, while others have moved homes. But all would likely agree with Irina's sentiment: "It's always going to be in our hearts and in my heart." Albert's widow passes, then adds, "His memory is going to last forever."

AMY CARSON



Barlowy (back row, second from right), Ladogian (front row, left) and Ladogian (front row, second from right) at a benefit dinner

Relatives of the 24 Canadians who died struggle with their loss

SORROW AND JOY

IT WAS a joyous event at a time of unpredictable sorrow. On Jan. 3, less than four months after 34-year-old Toronto insurance manager David Barlowy died in the attack on the World Trade Center, his widow Cindy gave birth to their second child. The arrival of the baby boy—named David after his father—sent his mother's spirits soaring. "I was worried the whole time about how the stress would have affected him," says Barlowy, 32, who was five months pregnant when she accompanied her husband on his ill-fated business trip to New York. "But he was so healthy. I was pretty excited and thrilled that night." But when she brought the baby home, the reality of Sept. 11, of her lost love and her two boys' lost father sank in. "My hardest day was the day I got out of the hospital," she says. "When I got home I cried—I cried and cried."

In the serenity of the spacious home she shared with her husband and June, now 3, Barlowy recently reflected on the continuing impact of the catastrophe. "I feel more vulnerable," she said. "We never know when your life is going to end. It's scary to think about these terrible people out there." Despite her fears, Barlowy travelled to New York just weeks after the tragedy for a memorial service and visited the site where her husband died. "It pretty much cured the whole thing," she says. At the ceremony, she met the families of other Canadian victims and some, such as Maureen Barwick and Tanya Tomsavage, who consoled her naturally, have become close friends. "I lost a loved one," says Barlowy. "But other people were affected, too, and talking to them seems to help a lot."

Barlowy has been touched by the kindness of family, friends and strangers. "I have had so many positive experiences, too," she says, showing a scrapbook with photos, tributes and condolences, including letters from George W. Bush and Jean



Christen. She mentions the thoughtful note of Canadians, including a Grade 5 class in Brockbridge, Ont., and Newfoundland men who contributed to a trust fund set up for her boys by BMO Nesbitt Burns Inc., where her husband was managing director of capital markets.

While the griefs, Barlowy worries about protecting her children. "I keep saying I want to be happy for them," she says. "But they also keep me happy. Dave was a pretty positive person. I think that's what he would want." Just one week before the horrific television images of that day, but he still sometimes asks, "Where's Daddy?" At first, Barlowy would answer, "He's gone to heaven." But with June starting elementary school this month, a counsellor advised her to prepare him in case a

Barlowy worries about protecting her children with David (below) at Janer's birth.



classmate pointed him out as the boy whose daddy died on Sept. 11. So Barlowy told him what happened, as simply and gently as she could. The words, repeated out of the blue to an aunt who was babysitting—"Daddy was in a building and a plane hit it"—were heart searing.

Cindy Barlowy had counted on continuing life as a stepmother; now she's trying to come to terms with an uncertain future. "So far, I'm doing OK financially," she says. "But I'm still trying to decide what to do about the house." A sister of family and friends has stayed with her since the tragedy, but she is only beginning to adjust to life without her husband. "At first, I was getting by day by day, then it was week by week," Barlowy says. "Now I'm trying to focus on getting through September."



TRIBUTE FROM A DAUGHTER

Erica Baniolo had just started her second year at Toronto's Ryerson University when her father Ken was killed at the World Trade Center. Her dad, a 48-year-old financial marketing director with software firm BEA Systems in Toronto, was in New York on business when the first plane struck the north tower where he was attending a 100th-floor meeting. Baniolo left his wife, Maureen, 50, a 16-year-old son, Brennan and Erica, now 22, who hopes to continue her journalism studies at New York University, some 20 blocks from the disaster site, in January. She wrote the following for *Maclean's*.

OUR LIVES CHANGED forever the moment my dad phoned his mother from inside the World Trade Center and told her the building was filled with smoke and he wasn't sure if he was going to get out. What has kept me from completely losing it during the past 12 months are the words he spoke to me often: "Get over it, get on with it." He taught me not to dwell on the negative and to keep moving forward. They're just a few small words, but I've repeated them to myself so many times it's like I've become a broken record.

My father loved his Harley Davidson. Had he died in a riding accident, I wouldn't have had to watch it almost every day. I wouldn't have had to read about it all the time. We would have never received a phone call from New York City's chief medical officer, describing in painfully graphic detail the exact length and weight of the body parts they recovered from Ground Zero.

Our family could have had a quiet funeral, grieved and moved on. Instead, we have been back and forth to New York for ceremonies, all the while wondering when the 24 Canadian lives lost in these acts of terrorism would be recognized in some

Barracks on his beloved Harley. Dick Forth (right) with daughter in law Abigail and the children, Carli and Ben, before the towers fell.

meaningful way by the federal government. We would have spent time on the phone with family and friends, instead of journalists and lawyers.

My dad was in the wrong place at the wrong time and we've had to live with the awful consequences. But we've also been blessed many times over. Our living room is filled with sympathy cards, many from people we've never met. After the attack, our lawn was flooded with flowers. We received an angel quilt, hand sewn by people from across Canada and the U.S. Two workers at Ground Zero gave us a piece of the World Trade Center in the shape of a cross. My brother and I delivered a message of hope before the Pope and 75,000 people at the Vatican March.

Because of scholarships available to children of 9/11 victims, New York University is financially feasible whereas before it wouldn't have been. Perhaps the biggest reason why I want to go is because, as an outlet for someone to win, they have to succeed in terrorizing people. By going to New York I'm sending a message to them that no, I'm not afraid to live there, no, I'm not afraid to fly there, and so, no, the terrorists didn't win.

This has not been an easy year. What I am proud by most is that every time we've felt like we've reached the end of our rope, someone has come along and lifted our spirits and eased our burden. There is still love in people's hearts, not fear. Sometimes we cry, but eventually we smile again. We've scratched and bawled, but the spirit must not break us. Our family is closer together than we've ever been and my dad's spirit is still with us. That's how we "get over it, get on with it, and make it through another day."

PAINFUL MEMORIES

For a long time after the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks, Selena Dade-Forth believed that her only child was still alive. She told herself that Aaron Dade, the 39-year-old owner-vice-president at the financial technology firm, Encymopsis, was wandering the streets of New York City with someone. He'd been attending a conference in the



north tower of the World Trade Center when the first plane hit, and now, sadly, he was just lost. "Because my son will survive even when no one else's did," she says, her voice raw with tears.

Writing the still-sensationalizing news at Ground Zero in October with her daughter-in-law Abigail Carter did little to help make her son's horror more concrete in her mind. "It was like we were looking at extraordinary ugliness. In a way, it was exquisitely beautiful," she recalls. "But it didn't help me in any way, shape or form. It just wasn't real." And even as the bells rang for his 63rd birthday last month, Forth caught herself weeping for Aaron's phone call "It's bizarre," she says. "These are moments when you forget. But the constant barrage of 9/11 stuff soon reminds you."

Even in Port Hope, Ont., where she lives, Dade-Forth is confronted daily with Aaron's death. Neighbors murmur their condolences. The cashier at the local grocery asks after Abigail and the grand-

children—Olivia, 2, and Carter, 3. The people she meets as the social columnist for the *Port Hope Evening Guide* also know. In fact, everyone in this small town knows who Dade-Forth is—and what she has lost. "The people have been remarkable," she says. "Within weeks of Sept. 11, they held a benefit for her at a local pub. The 'looshon of money' that was raised became a godsend, enabling Dade-Forth to visit Abigail and the kids in New Jersey five times in the past 10 months."

In mid-August, Dade-Forth joined the families of more than 600 victims in a lawsuit against the Sudanese government, Saudi princes, Arab banks, Islamic charities and Osama bin Laden. The suit, filed in a U.S. federal court, alleges that these individuals and organizations helped fund the terrorist attacks. "I have felt, since Sept. 11, more helpless than I've ever felt in my life," explains Dade-Forth, who worked at the CBC in Toronto before moving to Port Hope in 1993. "There was nothing I could do about the fact that my son

could. But if, even in some small way, I did do something to stop the financing of terrorism and remove the threat of this kind of pain for any other mother, well, then maybe something might come of this." She pauses, looks out the window of her recently purchased 19th-century farmhouse, and adds: "It will take years. That's fine. But my minutes on that piece of paper and I am happy that it is."

Meanwhile, visits with Olivia and Carter and phone calls with Abigail keep Dade-Forth's spirit "Abigail and I prep each other up," she says. And only with Aaron's family could she face this week's memorial service at Ground Zero. Initially, Dade-Forth didn't want to attend because it was too public, but then she came to a brutal realization. "We don't have anything of Aaron," she says, explaining that the disorienting thing she and workers found was the business of a colleague who was with her son at the conference. "The big hole is where he is. That's my son's final resting place. That's the only thing I've got."



A FATHER REMEMBERS

Ralph Gerhardt was an adventurous business grad from the University of Western Ontario who rose quickly to bond trader Carter Fitzgerald. When he moved from his native Toronto to New York City in 2000, he was already a vice-president with the firm. His father Hans, a horticulturist with *Maclean's* about life after losing one of his two sons.

What have you done to cope?
My family is lucky to have so many wonderful friends. We've received thousands of e-mails and letters—at one time we had 8,000 e-mails to go through. More than \$75,000 has been collected in Ralph's honour and the majority of the money is going to Victory Village for handicapped children and young adults. We had a birthday party for him on June 6. He would have been 35. Forty of his friends came to our place. There was no gift giving or cake, just a celebration.

Are there specific moments which bring back memories?

There are so many, but there was a special one when we flew around in New York the day after the tragedy. Before you could see Manhattan, you could smell the fire and see this giant smoke cloud. We didn't know of anything else had happened so we turned on the radio, and the *Realer* song Thursday was playing. *Whammy!* I hear that song I think about him.

Is there one special time with him that you remember most?

We think of him in so many ways. He would call every day. We would often go fishing together. He was my best fishing buddy. The last time we saw each other, he brought us a candle because both he and his mom shared a love for candles. I remember saying, "Ralph, we need another candle like a hole in the head," and he said, "That's like a difference. Every time you light this candle, you will think of me."



PLANTING A MEMORIAL

Any list of victims from Sept. 11 is incomplete without the thousands of children who lost a parent in the attack. The death of 45-year-old Mike Arcopinto, a senior vice-president with insurance giant Axa Corp., left a void in the life of his seven children—including three from an earlier marriage: His widow Lori, 38, spoke with *Meridian* about what the year has been like for her and her four children (Sydney, 10, Max, 9, Emma, 3, and Michael, who was born in February).

WE PLANTED A TREE in Vermont at my parents' place near where we got married. It looks like Mike because it's tall and lean. My parents have a guest house that we always used in the summer, and Mike loved to sit on the deck with his feet up and his morning coffee. Underneath the deck is a grassy area where he would play with the kids. We put the tree there.

We don't have any strong religious beliefs, but it's nice to think that through the energy of the four kids we can feel him



Max and Sydney were among the seven Arcopinto children at the tree planting

around us. That's what the tree represents for us. Everyone came, including my step children, his sons and one of his nephews. I moved to Vermont, as well. When we lived in England, we got to Vermont at least twice a year to be closer to my family, so it's important for me to be here.

My son Max has good days and bad days. The day he turned nine in June was a

very bad day. Another tough day was when we went to Ground Zero the day marking the end of the cleanup in May. The other children didn't want to go, but Max asked me if he could come, so I took him. When they brought the machine out, which represented the bodies that had never been found, he sobbed it. After the ceremony, he let go of my hand and walked up to firefighters and police officers and thanked them for trying to find his dad. It was really hard to watch, but I think it was a big turning point for him. As we got closer to the jet, there was so much grief. A lot of the women were older moms and I felt so bad for them. You raise a child and they make it to adulthood and then they're gone. Max still doesn't like to talk about Sept. 11, but it does come through in some of his play. When he plays Star Wars, the Jedi are always trying to get his father.

I had a little boy in February, two days before Mike's birthday. I named him Michael after his dad. It's just another way for us to honour and remember him.

Interview by Amy Cameron, Miriam Boyer Dringler and John Miller

Global National Investigates: Is Canada still here?

Kevin Newman on Location

Kevin Newman travels across the country and over the border in a week-long series that seeks to define Canada's current identity. Broadcasting live from a new location each day this week — Halifax, Montreal, New York on September 11, Toronto and Alberta — Global National will look back at how 9/11 changed us and will discuss the relationship between Canada and the United States.

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with KEVIN NEWMAN

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What's gone wrong in the war on terror

ONE YEAR ON, we're still wondering and scratching our heads: Why? How? How many? We are the accountants of chaos: politicians, journalists, generals, police and emergency officials, all of us still getting death tolls too right, expressing the grief, the outrage, the resolve to make things right again. The question is: are we committing a collective Arthur Andersen on the most unsettling part of the post-9/11 ledger—the gap vs. loss chart, the bottom line on true and tangible results?

Especially in the speeches of politicians, is the where things become fuzzy. Tractably how will have our nation performed in trying to prevent future 9/11s, in shutting down the terrorists, in stabilizing the regions they haunt for fresh recruits and sanctuary? One year on, there are few answers. Indeed, there's growing suspicion about the gulf between our leaders'

pronouncements and the absence of proof that any meaningful progress has been made. Especially among the families most directly involved on 9/11, the culture of conservatism we're sharing on this tragic anniversary is fine and necessary to a point. But results, not mere sympathy, is what many citizens want most for their loved ones.

"I do not want the deaths of these people to be repaid," says Alvin Haglan, "but I'm worried, because even among our colleagues, I see us slipping back into complacency."

Haglan has been lobbying tirelessly since last September for aviation security. And not just because she and her son Candy are veteran flight attendants operat-

ing from San Francisco for United Airlines: her 31-year-old son Mark Haglan was killed on United Flight 93, which crashed in Pennsylvania when passengers staged a counterrattack on the terrorists. Haglan says the airlines "have been too slow in installing defenses down to the cockpit."

Don't expect the Afghan campaign to be renamed Operation Candour

And their "positive big watch program" is no answer. It just matches each piece of luggage to a passenger on the planes, which too good in all if you're dealing with a suicide bomber. Though the U.S. aviation safety act passed in the wake of the Sept. 11 attacks compels airports to begin mandatory X-raying of all luggage by January 2003, money to pay for screening equipment and staff is still not in place. Plus, says Haglan, "We're still in need of better checks on all people who have access to the aircraft—everyone from contract workers like cleaners and caterers, to airline and airport

employees, and all passengers."

Airline specialists agree that their policies are at least headed in the right direction. Which is perhaps more than can be said for the Bush administration's war on terror. In Afghanistan, U.S. and allied troop deployments at no point have reached even one-third the number of NATO soldiers still keeping the peace in parts of the former Yugoslavia—despite those Balkan territories being only about one-eighth the size of Afghanistan. The CIA, according to a source in the British military, has been delivering "plague barrels" of U.S. currency, via American and British military transport, to Afghan regional warlords in payment for helping, or at least not resisting, the hunt for al-Qaeda and Taliban fugitives. But money can't buy you luck, it seems. U.S. officers admit that their latest attempt to round up Taliban and al-Qaeda holdouts, Operation Mountain Sweep, was compromised by security leaks from their supposed Afghan allies.



Has the Bush administration squandered the advantage its troops won in Afghanistan?

Crises across George W. Bush and his police men of dodging the shortcomings of the Afghan campaign with a pin, forever elaborating on positives, avoiding negativity. The tactic has their Democratic rival George W. Bush's own administration's official admitted in the New York Times that a "mid-course correction" will be implemented to try to put more peacekeeping into Afghanistan.

Why? To bring at least a rudimentary level of law and order to the countryside. Refugees returnees have recently slowed to a trickle due to lawlessness, and in much of the country, reconstruction hasn't even started. The U.S.-backed Afghan leader, Hamid Karzai, has demanded more troops since last December; he has been rebuffed by the Bush administration.

So the "mid-course correction" is a stopgap at best. Just don't expect the Afghan campaign to be re-dubbed Operation Candour. For starters, the "reasonably good" security in Afghanistan is overshadowed by continuing warfare and terrorism, as evidenced by a would-be assassin's bullets crossing within minutes of President Karzai as he was being

performance in August? On the 15th, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, with Gen. Tommy Franks at his side, told reporters "truth be told, the security situation in Afghanistan is reasonably good. It is more or less Herat, Kandahar, Kabul, the situation is reasonably stable. Is the situation perfectly tidy? No. But I suspect it would be accurate to say that the security situation in Afghanistan is the best it's been probably in close to a quarter of a century."

But just two weeks later, an unnamed administration official admitted in the New York Times that a "mid-course correction" will be implemented to try to put more peacekeeping into Afghanistan.

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driven through Kandahar on Sept. 5 just hours before, a car bomb ripped through a crowded market in Kabul, killing at least 26 people. The new-secularism of the attacks, and the proximity to the anniversary of the Sept. 9, 2001, assassination of anti-Taliban leader Ahmed Shah Massoud, are an eerie reminder of al-Qaeda's exploits one year ago.

Karzai's brush with death may have been his second in as many months. In July, a suspected al-Qaeda suicide bomber with 1,000 lbs. of explosives in his car was arrested in Kabul; he is thought to have been targeting Karzai. The Afghan leader, following the recent assassination of one of his vice-presidents, Abdul Qadir, has replaced his personal security team with U.S. special forces soldiers. The reason: continuing friction between leaders of the country's Pashtun majority and the Tajik-dominated Defense Ministry, which had previously provided Karzai, a Pashtun, with bodyguards.

Thinning of a new national army is proceeding at a snail's pace. In the provinces, insecurity is the norm. UN officials have been murdered in Mazar-i-Sharif and robbed in Ghazni. Heroin production has resumed, with refining chemicals on open sale in many bazaar. Two warlords now on the CIA's covert payroll, governor of Kandahar Gul Agha Sherani and Hamid Ali of Nangarhar province, were seized by Western investigators of big-time drug trafficking in the pre-Taliban era. In Gerdar, the capital of Paktia province, the CIA has tied itself in knots of patronage, backstabbing competing strongmen Fakhri Khin Zadran, who opposes the Karzai government, and Haidar Talibzai, the former leader's choice of governor for the region. Meanwhile, on the cultural front, although the capital's post-Taliban media is relatively liberal, it may be too early to declare a "Kabul Spring": religious-conservative have succeeded in banning female singers from state radio and burning Indian movies from Kabul TV.

To many Afghan watchers, the Bush administration is heading toward the unthinkable—squandering America's advantage after the rout of the Taliban, a carbon copy of George Bush Sr.'s failure to consolidate U.S. gains after the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan in 1989. "They're betraying their own slogan."



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says an military intelligence analyst in Washington. "They said 'You more war lords.' They said Afghanistan had to be reeducated, never again a haven for terrorists. But al-Qaeda's still there and its Pakistan, waiting and watching and planning. We've been distracted by issues like Iraq and domestic politics. It's wonderful and it's wrong." The source says his own assessments, which advocate a more results-oriented campaign against terrorism, have been barred by Washington intelligence. "All the bureaucracies are competing for political capital, for influence. The people at the top of the intelligence agencies don't want to face up to realities. They worry about making mistakes, so they come up with half measures. There's no follow-through, no other of everyday hard work to secure the basic objectives."

Finally, given the high hopes Americans have attached to counterterrorism, he does register cautions. "Whether it's corporate America, big church America or military and government America, you have a whole group of folks who believe their careers are more important than the mission. Too few of our leaders are focusing on achieving the big goals."

Steven Livingston, a political scientist at George Washington University, says the American news media, too, has some soul searching to do over its performance in the past 12 months. "It's clear that technology offers greater, whether coverage of events such as those in Afghanistan," he says, "but I'm not sure it has revealed much more. Were the right questions asked, and were they asked often enough? I think the past year demonstrates a lot about the availability of information, and the picture is pretty disappointing. Many U.S. media managers admitted that they and their agencies had not been paying enough attention to international news, and they pledged that was going to change."

Instead, Livingston says, there's mainly been a change in interpretation. "What has come to be defined as international news is what the U.S. thinks of a particular place. That doesn't produce a more balanced, sophisticated view of the world, which in turn means no real progress for a reengagement of U.S. foreign policy."

Grady as charged, says one network news producer, who complains that once D-52 stories pressed out on Afghanistan at

the beginning of the year, his team couldn't get their stories on the air. "The networks won't respond unless there's a hook that's just out of sync with the reality of war. You know, big massacres, huge advances on the ground. But that is Afghanistan. Everything happens in tiny increments. It's just too complex to present on TV news in the States."

If daily events are ignored or downplayed, it's far to ask what hope there can be for America's long-term political and diplomatic strategies for counterterrorism. While decidedly non-ideologic and usually lacking in flamboyant tough talk, these strategists are probably the most effective ways to prevent future 9/11-style attacks. The U.S. needs to change its presence and image on the ground in the Third and Muslim worlds, in effort, to parachute its creative forces behind the lines. It must demonstrate, culturally and economically, the benefits of co-operation.

In late July, 30 months after the terrorist outrages in the U.S., and only after soldiers from Ghazni units like the Council on Foreign Relations, Bush announced a new strategic White House office aimed at influencing international opinion. There will be exchanges of cultural programs with Islamic nations, and more TV and radio broadcasts featuring the up sides of Muslim life in America. A bill has been introduced in Congress to increase overseas cultural programs by US\$200 million.

It might be too late and very late, but the Americans haven't exactly been beaten to the cultural counterpunch by other Western states, or the United Nations. Why, the people of member countries could ask, did it take until the summer of 2002 for the UN to propose a campaign to dissuade disaffected young Arabs from enlisting in terrorism? And why is the campaign's remit so vague—that the UN should project a clear message of the unacceptability of terrorism, and UN information centers should make more of an effort to establish links with institutes and schools in the Arab world?

Then Sept. 11, it's questions like these, not just victims' names, that should swirl before us, make us all reflect. Unless we come up with answers—and consider—we alone with war against us have been the victims' losing legacy: a world where terror and terrorism have no future. □

Politics | BY DAVID M. SHRIAMAN

Unvarnished and, alas, unchanged

TRY AS HE MIGHT, George W. Bush can't seem to enlarge the American economy. His offensive on corporate responsibility would have more resonance if both he and Vice-President Dick Cheney weren't former energy executives and apparent beneficiaries of the cozy way business was conducted in the old days. His critics say he possesses neither an economic nor a foreign policy talent, as the Bush White House is one he and that right hand doesn't know what the fire-light hand is doing, especially on what to do about Saddam Hussein.

Now add one more factor: in two months when may decide that the Democrats ought to control the Congress—which would make Washington even more contentious. With those guns blowing around him, the common wisdom is that George W. Bush, the war president, who became war president, at a different man. Even his critics agree that he has grown.

But despite the terror attacks of last September, the struggle against al-Qaeda, the war planning against Iraq and the case of Will Street, there's been no dramatic transformation of the President.

He's still tentative rather than assertive. He still prefers results to rhetoric. Though a member of a political dynasty, he still thinks of himself as an outsider.

All that is all the more remarkable when described against the challenges he faces, both in the markets, where there is little confidence in his policies, and in the conduct of international diplomacy, where there is even less. But though he's the same old Dubya, he's not singing the same old song.

The President came to office believing the United States was too engaged in world affairs, that the answer to America's security problems was an anti-terrorist defense, and the last thing Americans ought to be doing abroad was "mission building." A term the Bush team never uttered without a dismissive sneer. Now, of course, Bush is up to his eyeballs in foreign problems, anybody thinks a Star War defense would have prevented the Sept. 11 horrors, and the United States is involved in one big nation-building effort (Afghanistan) while it contemplates taking

People think Sept. 11 created a new George W. Bush. Not really.

ing up another Iraq, possibly after Saddam Hussein is toppled. So much for the President's proclaimed agenda.

Some of the nation's preoccupied notions about him, however, have faded slightly better. Sometimes he seems more like Yogi Berra than Winston Churchill. On Aug. 2, for example, he pronounced, "August was a month of accomplishment here in Washington." But there is great truth in one of Bush's masterfully malleable "They are underestimating me." They did, especially because when it really mattered—when the smoke was still rising from the ruins of the World Trade Center—Bush delivered one of the great speeches of the modern age. Not incidentally, the high point of that address, given before a joint session of Congress, was a sentence borrowed from Churchill. "We will not falter and we will not fail."

For the first time in history, Americans' personal security and their national security are the same thing. A nation protected by two oceans must for more than two centuries also find that the front line of the war against terrorism is the home front. The importance of this change cannot be overstated.

But the administration's inclination to remain ahead in world affairs without concern either is back, to the great dismay of those Democrats believing, which disappeared after Sept. 11 and after anthrax letters closed down the Capitol and formed the decontamination of a massive Senate office building, is back. But whether Americans like him or not, Bush has remained perfectly true to himself. That's why no one was surprised when the President passed in the Cape Arandel Golf Club in Kennebunkport, Me., at 6:15 a.m. one day in August, and before turning off explored the latest outside bombing in Israel. "I call upon all citizens to do everything they can to stop these terrorist killers," he concluded. "Thank you. Now watch this drive." That's the real George W. Bush: Unvarnished and, alas, unchanged. □



A president who is tentative rather than assertive, and prefers results to rhetoric



Afghanistan: out of the ruins

AS THE BATTLE for Afghanistan raged in the final weeks of 2001, an odd figure presented himself in the devastated country. An Englishman with a large, old-fashioned-style brass and wood field camera would set up his tripod near horrific war zones, vowing mainly on photographing the ruins. Landscape photographer Simon Norfolk, whose book, *Afghanistan: Chronicles*, will be published this week in Britain, had become fascinated with the story told by

the nation's wreckage. "The sheer length of the war in Afghanistan, now in its 24th year, means that the ruins have a become layering," he writes, "different moments of destruction lying like tectonic plates on top of each other."

Norfolk, who made a second visit in May, was no naive eccentric. The 39-year-old former photojournalist wore a bullet-proof vest on the job, and notes that the five-by-four-inch glass plate his camera

**Layers of devastation
define a nation that has
known little but war**

uses deliver unusually acute detail—even if he has to duck under a debris cloth to shoot. "The camera," he relates, "attuned a certain amount of distance from the war; photojournalists in Kabul, who thought it resembled a circus act." Yet that turned out to be an advantage. "The camera looks like an antique and this makes people appreciate quickly that I am probably not the CIA or some other threat, nor is it probably worth scaling."



Kemp Karamullah's Victory Arch outside Kabul (opposite) celebrated independence from the British in 1918. Clockwise from top left: A pile of balloons, lit and under the Taliban, stands by a former Kabul shrine; a bullet scarred outdoor cinema; Soviet cluster bombs litter a schoolyard





'We should be a little more grown-up'



IN THE DAYS FOLLOWING the Sept. 11 attacks, John Marley was the Canadian cabinet minister most in the public eye. As foreign minister at the time, he spoke out unashamedly in support of the United States, and was one of the guiding forces behind Bill C-36, Canada's anti-terrorism legislation. Today, Marley serves as finance minister and deputy prime minister, but he remains chairman of the Ad Hoc Cabinet Committee on Public Security and Anti-terrorism. Speaking with the U.S. over security measures and conferring regularly with American officials including Tom Ridge, head of the Office of Homeland Security, Marley recently spoke to *Maclean's* Editor Anthony Wilson Smith and Ottawa bureau correspondent Julian Richman about Sept. 11 and its aftermath. Excerpts:

On Sept. 11, its fallout, and dealing with the United States

How would you characterize the mood in Washington these days?

Things are returning more to a normal pace. But there's no question that, as of Sept. 11, there was the sense of being not only hurt and violated, but also being under siege. Security became a chief topic of concern, and I'd say to this day it remains the top order of business in Washington. Their beliefs that their first responsibility is to provide a secure environment for the people.

When you're dealing with concerns affecting Canadian sovereignty, do you run into U.S. officials saying, "You're either with us or you're against us—you can't equivocate?"

I've read that kind of thing from some U.S. officials, but nothing of that nature from the people I've dealt with. I have never heard anything but satisfaction with the Canadian response—it was rapid, it was more than adequate, it was genuine. I also never felt we responded in a way that was other than in our interests. I don't feel that in any way we have compromised our sovereignty—as some people have suggested—by our response.

Where were you on Sept. 11 and how soon you appeared at the tragic events?

I was coming back from a visit to European capitals. We were probably just out of European airspace when the flight attendant told me about a plane flying into the World Trade Center, but not too much more than that. They took me to the flight deck, where I actually learned everything happening on BBC 1. I tried to make phone calls to Ottawa on the satellite phone, got through once and got cut off. We were told we were the last plane to get into Canadian airspace, and we were given permission to land in Toronto. It was really quite bizarre, because there were no planes taking off or on the tarmac going through in the streets area. The only thing that was normal was that one of my bags didn't make it.

Have you encountered lasting American suspicion about our security standards?

From officials, no. I did a widely reported interview with 60 Minutes, where it was suggested there were all kinds of problems, but to be fair, they in previous headlines identified all kinds of problems they perceived with U.S. security as well. There are going to be inadequacies in anybody's system. There's no reason to expect that nobody will try to get into the U.S. for those purposes from Canada. It could still happen, and I think it's all very important for us to do the things that are necessary to prevent it.

Should we feel as if our lives have changed since Sept. 11?

We can say that, as a society, we've invested more resources into security. We all take

risks every time we step off a curb—you can never eliminate risk. But we have taken appropriate and reasonable measures to reduce the risks for Canadians of being on the scene of a terrorist attack. And in doing so, we've also interfered with other normal activities that were perhaps getting under the same covers.

Did Sept. 11 result in simply fast-tracking security steps that would have taken place anyway over time?

What Sept. 11 did was bring a phenomenon that's been occurring in other parts of the world for a long time onto the North American continent—in a very dramatic fashion. Talk to the Europeans. None of this is new to them—terrorism is something they've been living with. We've been conscious of it but not feeling immediately affected by it until Sept. 11. We'd have ended up doing a lot of these things anyway, but it's been in response to less dramatic circumstances, but eventually we would have got there.

How, if at all, has your own attitude toward the Americans changed?

I think we as Canadians have sometimes been a little bit immature in the way we've dealt with the United States. We tend to be hypersensitive and we actually behave like a junior partner. We should be a little more grown-up about it and behave like an equal partner. There are some times we have good reasons to disagree with the United States and go a different way. Justification of Kyoto is a recent example of our going on a different course. On the other hand, we're not an island in the Pacific Ocean. We're on the North American continent. There's probably no country in the world that has as much connectivity with us as the United States. Fundamentally, our values and our dispositions on things are quite similar. We simply need to be pragmatic about how we conduct our affairs in our own interests, so that we benefit from a good relationship with a great economic and political power and yet maintain a distinct identity.

How often do you talk to Tom Ridge?

At least once a month. He's from Erie, Pa.—we had him and his wife up for a visit. They came to Niagara-on-the-Lake, and went to a play, had a nice dinner at one of the local wineries. I took them to play golf and commented the relationship is better now. He's a terrific man to work with, and he's personally responsible for a lot of the progress we've made because he's been able to give it the attention that it needed.

Will the closer relationship Canada and the U.S. are building in the security area have an impact on Canada's position as a U.S. decision to attack Iraq?

I don't think there's any respect. We have concerns—we think that in the absence of a clear connection to al-Qaeda, Iraq should be dealt with under UN auspices. I think the U.S. has seen it is difficult to build an alliance at the moment, not just with Canada. And we're not, for geopolitical reasons, the first country they're concerned about having outside.

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Getting on with life in the Big Apple

The city that 'wears tragedy well' is back on its feet—and winning

NEW YORK IS BACK on its feet again, busy again, stress busting as always. Cans and apartments downtown are selling briskly, finding atmospheric prices. The city has struggled to get back to normal, but normal these days looks somewhat different. Normal is the souvenir raffish about Broadway in Lower Man-

hattan, asking for discounts to the site of the World Trade Center, whose two giant towers used to be the beacon helping visitors find their bearings.

The site is now crisscrossed from Broadway, just a block away, but easy to find nonetheless. Follow the vendors, some licensed, some not, who hawk books and pictures,

plastic domes (shike them and watch debris fall). Some realism-style wear: colours of disaster, planting a flag in the rubble. T-shirts with NYPD and FDNY printed in bold type. Film, water, hot dogs, hats, the works. Ground Zero is far from the projection is that pilgrims to the site will be double the number of those

who annually rode the elevators to the 110th-floor observation deck of the south tower—nearly four million a year. But New Yorkers themselves don't talk much about Sept. 11 any more. "I don't know that New York has gotten over 9/11 yet, but New Yorkers have gotten beyond it," says Peter Jennings, the *60 Minutes* host and anchor at ABC.

True. I was there when Wall Street reopened for business on Sept. 17 last year. The area looked as if *Ground Zero* had a police state. Streets and buildings, inside and out, were monochromatic, covered with, only, cement dust. Mangled cars, broken windows, craggy shops, some lots

A memorial near Ground Zero keeps the past alive for both New Yorkers and tourists

ed, the stench of filth and rotting garbage, armed policemen and soldiers in every corner, checking IDs and searching bags. "I was there too—it was really tight and scary," says Mike Doyle, a cop on the beat on Liberty Street at the south edge of the site. "It is much better now, there is no violence, no aggression here. I like this here."

There is nothing left to see—the cleanup is almost over. The fenced-in WTC site is now a huge hole, the size, say, of Ottomaw's ByThird Market, seven stories below street level, with heavy machinery and trailers neatly parked at the bottom. It could be just another construction site, pregnant with the promise of something new and beautiful about to rise there. But 2,804 victims lost their lives here. From seven sick and busy buildings down to 1.6 million tons of rubble.

New York shines on adversity. It quickly became a contest as to who is the toughest: the huge catastrophe, or the big city. New York, with time on its side, seems to be winning. "New York wears tragedy well," Jennings notes. "People living here, be they top financial executives or freshly landed immigrants, are in New York essentially for one reason: to make it. So, they all were on with their lives. But that first anniversary is a very delicate moment for everybody."

There are eight million Sept. 11 stories in the Naked City. Here's one: The Hies, a small, off-off Broadway theatre, nearly went bankrupt after its street in Tribeca, just north of the WTC, was sealed off for weeks and theatre-goers stayed away. Now, the Hies is playing to full houses again, with a play called *The Guys*, which deals with coping with the aftermath of the attacks. In it, one character says, "We were not prepared for this, we could only cope. There is no way to digest this."

Maybe life digesting a disaster—but by last, On a recent day, Molly Jolyne, 31, an eating a sandwich on the steps of her office tower directly across Church Street from the site. "It is very hard to come to work every day, and realize you are walking right next to a mass graveyard," she said. "I do think about it, I do think about the people who were lost, but if I thought about it all the time, I couldn't cope. So,

you feel selfish for getting on with your life, but you have no choice."

Coping, but barely. The attack sent New York's economy reeling to a halt. "Everybody went to ground, postponed decisions, strictly paid the bills, and waited," says Mike Doyle, a lawyer who hails from Annapolis Royal, N.S., and works a few blocks away from the WTC site. "It was awful." Doyle says he lost roughly 40 percent of his usual income in the months after Sept. 11. "We were without phone for about two months," he says. "And many of our clients had their cases delayed because the offices of the defending lawyers were in the World Trade Center and all their files were destroyed." A mess. All those who could afford it left town.

The catastrophe forced 137,919 people to move to a new workplace. Some 67,000 jobs vanished from New York City in the last quarter of 2001. The hurt is being offset by almost US\$21 billion promised in federal aid, a whopping US\$2.7 billion in private charity donations, and countless other grants, loans and subsidies. Today, the city is hopping again, but life down town, below Canal Street, is still far from being what it used to be, kindly say.

And everywhere there are reminders. The strip of nondescript buildings, tacky shops and fast-food outlets of Broadway near Fulton Street has been made famous by pictures of panic-stricken World Trade Center runners fleeing from a raging cloud of dust about to engulf them at 9:59 on the evening of Sept. 11, as the south tower collapsed. An old church also stands there. St. Paul's Chapel has become a memorial of sorts for victims of the attacks. Its front perimeter is covered with inscriptions of victims and contributions by anonymous visitors, the preludes of witness testimonies reflecting a potent mix of grief and patriotism, sorrow and anger, of prayer and callous irony.

Two big differences between before and after are soon apparent. The friendly, neighbourly side of New Yorkers was once a well-known secret. It is now celebrated in the open. And rampant pedestrianism: Shops are everywhere, on buses, subway cars, window displays. But in New York, they were buying themselves for the first anniversary of this horrendous event. I did not meet one who was looking forward to the moment. "I think I will scamp off, spend



the day on a bench somewhere in New Jersey," said Jason Renna, a theatre director who lives in Tribeca. Les Paulman, an ageing modern dancer, said, "I haven't decided whether I'll crawl under my bed, or join strangers at a candlelight vigil in a park and cry with them."

Cohen has preserved his store window exactly as it was on the day of the attack.

grace in Thanksgiving made me cry. Then I had all sorts of health problems. I don't know whether they were related to 9/11 or not." *Coping, Barely*

As tourist attractions go, Ground Zero is a far cry from Disney World. The rat running events are partially blocked by temporary plywood overpasses and scaffolding clangers so high men that were damaged but not destroyed. Heavy machinery roars and grunts everywhere, and dense, spongy New York traffic, well aggravated by hordes of tourists who stand about in a human traffic jam, trying to get a peek through holes in the caustic fence like kids looking into the hallway in that old Norman Rockwell painting.

What has drawn them from around the world, to peer through a hole and absorb pictures of a war? When you ask, they have the same answer: to see with their own eyes the place so familiar from television. "This is sick and a sad nightmare, I know, but I am here nonetheless, because I had to see for myself," says Dennis DeMa, a Puritan. "It's kind of weird, but it's also normal," says Michael Andriano, a crane operator in full rescue worker regalia, watching tourists snap pictures of him as he takes a break. "The tourists are doing what New Yorkers have done before them—trying to come to grips with this."

New Yorkers tried to digest the horror visited upon them simply by taking ownership of it. They quickly developed a literacy—never mentioned in so many words, but all-pervasive, a literacy in degrees of appropriation. In the days following the attack, downtown residents who wandered north of Houston Street for a hairshirt and supplies took to flaunting dirty fatigues and a dust mask dangling under their chin—along with a hurried just leave me alone look—in badges of honor. Of belonging. Of ownership. Rescue workers, cops, firemen—even those based in from Pittsburgh five days later—were instant heroes. Days after any realistic hope of finding anyone still alive had subsided, distant relatives of victims were still on hand for TV crews. People being downtown or in Brooklyn just across the East River own more of the story than other New Yorkers upriver or in Queens. And so on. "It was a global event, but the fires, the aftermath, were New York's to deal with," says Renna. "The tourists are the least to mark a degree of appropriation of their own."

David Cohen, owner of the Obedia jeans store one city block east of the site on Broadway, wears a piece of history, and that is driving him out of business, he says. When the buildings collapsed, the shock wave shattered his store's windows. Cohen has created an airtight glass casing to preserve his window display exactly as it was after the attack: brightly colored denim dials, covered by a thick layer of WTC dust. "People look at it, they weep, they pray, they keep silent," Cohen says. And then they move on without coming inside to shop in Cohen's store, which is now closing. "I would like the display to stay here forever," Cohen says, "and this store to become a shrine, but I don't know if that will happen."

New York is still New York, and money talks. Cohen's rent is US\$508,000 a year.

At the foot of Broadway, protesters board the ferry to Staten Island, across the harbor. The regulars occupy the seats inside the boat. Only tourists stay on the deck, to look at the faded skyline of Manhattan. There you have a perfect view of what is missing, and the dense forest of skyscrapers, old and new. What does New York look like, without the two giant towers? "It looks like dryer Cleveland to me," one passenger said.

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The pilgrimage to Pennsylvania

THESE ROLLING HILLS have paid homage before to their dead. To the tens of thousands of civil war men who did not return from the dark sea. To the Pennsylvania farm boys, and the other volunteers from nearby states, who waged the decisive Civil War battle just across the Tuscarora Mountains in Gettysburg. But history's a desert land-holder. Nothing truly could prepare for that Sept. 11 day a year ago when a hijacked jetliner came ripping out of a cobalt blue sky, crashed into a yellow meadow of waist-high grasses and turned steep Shanksville, Pa., into the small town center of a nation's grief.

The wreckage was driven deep into the soft earth and crushed into tiny pieces. But if an unimpaired image was something of a television afterthought to the dramatic collapse of the World Trade Center towers in New York City, that's not the way it entered the American psyche. Within days of the tragedy, middle America took to its vehicles and headed for the crash site, leaving flowers and U.S. flags on the front lawns of Shanksville residents and at the intersections of dusty country roads. There were several of these makeshift memorials in the early going. They changed location, not unlike the way Americans themselves shifted their emotionally in those early months, trying to make sense of what had turned their lives upside down.

By December, a tiny area not much bigger than a golf green was set aside on a gutting hilltop overlooking the crash site to serve as a temporary memorial—a people's shrine—to the 40 passengers of United Flight 93. It's not easy to find. Shanksville itself is not easy to find. A tiny unincorporated community of 245 with three churches, one school and seven senior citizens' residences—indicating the unfortunately numbered American Legion Post 913—Shanksville is not on every map. Still, people came.

"With the warm weather, we're estimating about four to six thousand a week

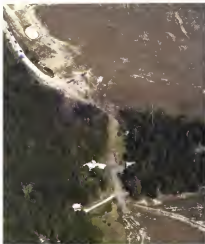
Thousands have paid their respects at the crash site in Shanksville



At the memorial, mementos left include a Purple Heart. Locals like Leo and Josephine Daniel visit regularly, and their plywood message boards are replaced every few days.

More than grief, though, that is also how America holds the rich tapestry of legend. From the ground up, for Shanksville is different in important respects from the other terrorist strikes on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. If they were Pearl Harbor—made attacks on an unsuspecting citizenry—this was more the Alamo, where the passengers aboard Flight 93, delayed on their level onset at home, made some kind of last ditch, and lay stand in a war that no one yet fully comprehends.

"I truly believe they gave the ultimate sacrifice," says Ray Hartz, a financial adviser from Patton, Pa. He's not alone. Think you never dominate the memorial



On Sept. 11, the FBI took an aerial photograph of the place where the hijacked plane crashed after passengers fought a sort of last ditch battle—and entered American legend.

message board. They are written even on the steel guardrail in the parking area and the sides of the portable toilet. The memorials left—autographed baseballs in zip-lock bags, flags, T-shirts, police and firefighter caps, a piece of blue from Colorado, handmade crosses, and tiny wooden angels in red, white and blue with the photos of each of the passengers on them—would be a monument to loss if it weren't for the sense of sacrifice that hangs in the air. Everyone speaks in hushed tones. Young parents with about as much of a small, quiet children. Someone has donated a Purple Heart.

The Holmes made the 90-minute trek from their Patton home in mid-week for some quiet reflection—and because Ray's

mother, Mary Louise, wanted to come. "This is my summer vacation," says the 78-year-old. "I wanted to stand on the spot, just to be present." A sprightly, arched-haired woman, she reports how taken from their area are said to have showed up at the Shanksville memorial and wept like babies. "It's a very solemn place. I feel very peaceful," she says, pausing for a moment, then adding with a mischievous twinkle, "Let's roll."

Let's roll. It's a battle cry etched into the very soil of Flight 93. Forty passengers were on board that commandeered plane for what was supposed to be a suburb near Newark, N.J., to San Francisco. Go on business, an environmental lawyer, an arboreal, a retired teacher man-

ing to California to be near her daughter. From what's been passed together from phone logs and the airplane's black box, it seems clear that a group of passengers, knowing they were hijacked and knowing the fate of the other planes, fought a pitched battle with their aggressors in the cramped aisle, and then the cockpit, using whatever weapons they could put their hands on, including scalding water from the coffee machine.

Serene passengers had talked with their loved ones by phone, describing their plans. Todd Berens, a 32-year-old account manager with a software company, hadn't been able to reach his wife, Lisa, but he did connect to the telephone company supervisor. To her he described what was happening, and poured out to love for his family. They reined the 23rd Psalm together. Then in one of the last transmissions to come out of Flight 93, he was overheard to say: "Are you guys ready? Let's roll."

Local heroes. There is another thing that separates Shanksville from the other terrorist attacks: the degree to which residents have taken it upon themselves to become the pallbearers for a nation's pain. Barbara Black may have started it when she was out at the site last fall doing her contracted work. "I'd end up staying for hours because the people that came just needed someone to talk to." So Black told her friend Diana Gleason about what she was experiencing, and Gleason stood up Sunday after church service and asked for volunteers. And from that was born the Shanksville "ambassadors," a group of now 40 volunteers who spend at least two hours each day at the site—in rain or shine, in January as well as July—explaining to those who want to know exactly what happened in that buslike field below the memorial. They can tell you, matter of factly—these are country folks after all—the percentage of body parts (less than 10 per cent) that have been discovered. The size of the largest piece of the plane—it could fit on the back of a pickup truck—that was salvaged. And how local concrete Wallace Miller had to keep going back to the area repeatedly after the spring rains as more bits of human remains would surface, up through the spring ground, freshly filed in recent years after having



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Flight 93 >

been stripped for its soft black coat.

The county has taken over some of the operation now. It is overseeing the Sept. 11 memorial service in the lower field that was to include area residents like the ambassadors and family members of the victims. George W. Bush was to make a private visit later in the day. It has also put out strict rules about noise-planning and commercialism near the site, not that those needed to be spelled out. Peter Prescott has kept souvenir selling to a minimum, says Ernest Stull, Shanksville's 78-year-old mayor. "People here just don't want that kind of thing," he says. "If you try it, you might get run out of town."

There is a plan afoot in the U.S. Congress to fast-track a national memorial at Shanksville, in as soon as five years, and to turn its upkeep over to professional wardens. That would be welcomed, it seems, by most of the local residents, who want their quiet lives back. But it might also be a shame. For this tragedy has loosed together large groups of Americans, and others too, with a profound need to understand and to tell their stories. Like Lora Zarnes and his wife Josephine from nearby Randolph, the Zarneses saw Flight 93 crash over their house and felt the shudder of its impact.

Now they are regular visitors to the memorial site. It's like a church service. They come, or quietly for about 30 minutes or relay their life stories almost into nearly with perfect strangers, as people tend to do when tragedy strikes. As it happened, Lora's sister, who works in Manhattan, was almost trapped in the fallout from the World Trade Center. And years ago, his father, a former miner, was recruited for a time under a red flag in the very same Quebeck mine—it's just 20 minutes up the road, the next property, in fact, to Barbara Black's historical centre—where nine miners were dramatically rescued in July after 72 hours underground.

The hills here do, on occasion, give something back. The Doosey people are moving in later this month to make a TV movie of the Quebeck miners. Flight 93 is another story. If you stand on the memorial grounds and blot out the patriotic offerings, all you can see are hills that seem to roll forever and a nearby prairie meadow where an airplane once went down. That scar at least has healed. **BT**



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Guess who came to dinner—and stayed

AS THE LAST and first international airport on the continent for flights to and from Europe, Gander, Nfld., likes to bill itself as the "crossroads of the world." Until a year ago, it enjoyed another distinction: the unenvied air rage capital of North America. Whenever some passenger ripped out mid-Atlantic, the plane would make an emergency landing in the airport town of almost 10,000 in the Newfoundland interior, 300 km northwest of St. John's. Once on the ground, it was up to the 25-member RCMP squad stationed in Gander to take over.

That was never a call the Mounties welcomed. They might, for example, have to subdue a woman armed with syringes who had been squirting insulin around a passenger jet cabin, or chase a business man who scrippled naked upon landing and took off across the runway. In 2000, Gander Mounties had to handle 17 air rage cases of varying degrees of strangeness and difficulty. But that was before the

terrorists strided by air. Since Sept. 11, increased security and the common knowledge that airlines simply won't tolerate unruly behaviour has changed things. Planes stopped delivering problem passengers to Gander. "After Sept. 11, miraculously none," sighs RCMP Cpl. Carl Smith. "Not a single one."

Gander—up, open-hearted town where strange things have a habit of descending here the day—has moved on since 9/11. But that doesn't mean it has forgotten Smith, 42, who today drives an unmarked RCMP car through the town's quiet streets, happened to be in St. John's when the jets slammed into the World Trade Center. In the years to come, he'll tell his grandchildren about the scene that greeted him upon return: the 38 jets from around the world parked nose to tail along the runway, the huge U.S. flag draped over the Salvation Army church, streets teeming with the strange faces, hues and garb of the diaspora, believ-

For Newfoundlanders, it was only natural to take in 6,600 strangers

elled passengers stranded in a place none of them ever knew existed.

"The day 6,600 dropped in for supper," is what Gander's friendly, low-key mayor, Claude Elliott, likes to call Sept. 11. With North American airspace closed to traffic for three days, Ganderites and residents of a half-dozen neighbouring communities billeted the travellers in their homes, schools and churches. They fed them, gave them clean clothes. Mostly, they treated them like family. This week, Smith will welcome Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, U.S. Ambassador Paul Celanese and other dignitaries when they drop in to commemorate Canada's role in aiding its neighbour. Like everyone else around town, he's proud that the good Samaritans of Gander provided one of the few uplifting stories to emerge from the terrible days after 9/11. Their story, after all, had what that word says did not: a happy ending.

Many of them, actually. A year later the



Planes and passengers found in a warm reception in Gander and neighbouring towns

proof just keeps piling up: thousands of grateful e-mails and letters. Web sites set up by the thankful passengers who stayed there, *Lufthansa* naming one of its aircraft *Gander-Hughes* to recognize the hospitality these centres showed the German airline's stranded passengers. Sept. 11 brought the area more than good public relations. Lewaport, 50 km northwest of Gander, has a new conference room in a community centre, courtesy of passengers from a Delta Airlines flight. Other Delta passengers established a scholarship to help Lewaport high school students continue their studies. A mobile school received \$85,000 worth of computer equipment from thankful executives of New York's Rockefeller Foundation.

Appreciated as it is, the response seems to genuinely buffet local residents. They see Newfoundland as the kind of place where people band together when things get rough. So mostly they just shrug the addition off. "You very seldom get a chance to witness the golden rule on such a scale," says Max Moss, an administrator for the Gander campus of the College of the North Atlantic, which billeted 440 passengers from two flights. "When people are in trouble around here, no questions are asked. All this really changed on Sept. 11 was the numbers."

Some numbers: unexpected guests on the order of two-thirds of Gander's population. With an unemployment rate hovering in the low double digits, the local economy may be buoyed by Newfoundlanders that no one stranded them on Sept. 11 was going to confound Gander with Manhattan or Paris. The main drag features strip malls and a couple of bars and fast-food restaurants. Unlike most New-

foundland towns, Gander has an unenvied, almost transient feel. It has only existed since 1938 when the airport opened. Its heyday was in the post-war years when it thrived as a refueling stop for overseas flights. But the advent of long-haul aircraft eroded Gander's role as a commercial air line hub in the early '60s.

Nowadays, aside from its small Canadian air base and a new helicopter parts plant, it's a regional supply and service centre and a refueling stop only for private jets, a few charter companies and the U.S. military. It struggles with a problem that has long plagued the province: the depopulation of its young in search of better opportunities elsewhere.

All the same, anybody who lived through Sept. 11 and the aftermath can confirm it made the town a richer place—and not just because a few well-to-do air travellers opened their cheque books. To understand the astounding connections forged during those strange days a year ago, you'll have to hear, say, Lou Irving, a medical secretary, and her mother Maggie reminisce about eating, drinking and laughing at the vigils of regional accents with the trio of Texans who spent a night with them. "We called them 'my old crew,'" recalls Lou, "and they never got over it."

The main event conference manager Judy Kozmaros, 44, her husband Jim, 38, from Dallas, and a fellow Texan they met on the flight. "We were strangers," says Judy, "and Lou just said come over to our house. They cooked us a fabulous dinner, let us take a shower, use their brushes. All their personal stuff." They've remained in touch and expect to visit each other soon.

Of course Carl Smith's hearing down kusher food for the rabbis from London and the Orthodox Jewish mother and daughter from Manhattan who arrived at his house after 36 hours without eating. You would have to imagine the scenario, 47-year-old Oswald Fudge, one of Gander's two town councillors, getting a call from a fellow officer in Atlanta, Ga., then spending two days searching for the Georgian's sheet to get her a comforting hug. "It's the Neidie way," says Fudge. And a year ago, when things looked at their darkest, it was enough to lift many a worried traveller's spirits.

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A new Mrs. Miniver for modern times

ON SEPT. 11, 1939, Britain declared war after German panzer divisions invaded Poland. The war was long and terrible. As in all such awful times, there were many exceptional episodes. And one was that of Mrs. Miniver.

She was the creation of a British journalist who wrote under the name of Jan Struther. In 1937, an editor at the London Times asked Struther to do a biweekly column to make the Court Page a bit more pappy. Write about an "ordinary sort of woman who leads an ordinary sort of life," he said. "Butterfly like yourself."

Jan Struther, her husband and three children lived upper middle-class lives with enthusiasm and zest. Her courage was as handsome as her spirit and she had a genius for seeing the startling side of the most commonplace things. When it came to language, she was a wonderfully wicked spirit. Once, when her daughter belted in cleaning up her room, remarking that her mother's untidiness was just as bad, Struther did not disagree. "Well," she said, "if I can't be a little like you, let me be at least be a horrible warning!" To be an exceptionally aware of the humorous and joys in things very ordinary made Struther quite extraordinary. In this mold, the character of Mrs. Miniver, Struther's alter ego, was born.

Struther's Mrs. Miniver column was an immediate success and compiled in a book in 1939. By then life had changed from the slightly daffy world of grumbling nannies and Scottish summers to the nerve-wracking presence of war and gas masks. In the book's final chapter, when Miniver lay in rubble, having been terror-bombed for days, Caroline Miniver wrote in a letter to her friend Susan: "As usual in all moments of stress, I've been flung back on Deane... They could base a perfectly terrible scene on the present

day on verse 16 of his Lament... Do look it up!" Deane's poem became key to understanding the book's importance.

Mrs. Miniver was published in New York City in the summer of 1940, before America entered the war. It was a stupendous success. Within the first week it was in its third printing and soon topped the best-seller lists. The 1942 Hollywood film starred a radiant Greer Garson. Americans all over the country found themselves weeping as they parachuted into the night mare "over there." Mrs. Miniver had a touch of Emily Segal, but she was not mindless. Mrs. Miniver countered the hardship and suffering of war with resilience and humor. That was her strength—to turn terror into a force that enabled human beings rather than making them cower. Churchill and Mrs. Miniver did more for Britain than a flotilla of battleships. Jan Struther had given Roosevelt the best ally he could have hoped for: Mrs. Miniver, the spiritual sister of American readers.

Ten decades later, Sept. 11 became America's Mrs. Miniver. That day's events forced the American character to make ready for the war against terror which, like Britain in '39, the United States may have to first fight alone. The destruction wrought that bright day morning in New York City crystallized the American spirit.

Just as the 1940 London Blitz had a positive effect on the British character, the evil that sent forth modernism to turn gas-singer pianos into bombs brought out America's strengths. These strengths were never absent, only latent. They exclude the re-establishment of masculinity as a virtue and the fact, confirmed so by many, that, in spite of 30-plus years of liberalist sayings, black Americans were first and foremost patriotic Americans. The notion of a separate hyphenated entity

called African-Americans vanished in the acid fog of the World Trade Center rubble. Just as the Germans achieved the very opposite of what they intended with the Blitz terror and only succeeded in turning every housewife into Mrs. Miniver, so 9/11 can be the iron of America's soul into steel.

Jan Struther would have recognized the phenomenon. She also understood something more: Caroline Miniver was wise and fine and sufficiently stupid in her culture to go to John Donne's *A Lament*. She knew verse 16 just as she knew the volume of Donne could be found "in the little bookshelf," just on the top of the fireplace." Mrs. Miniver quoted "From need a dagger, to be good, /... Lord, deliver us" Struther's Mrs. Miniver knew by heart the next lines asking for deliverance: "From bringing / Her with child, to cancer / Some are more beresides."

Being good means many things, but it must mean the strength not to submit to terror out of fear, not to betray our Western values of individual liberty and freedom out of cowardice, not to pretend that the evil we are fighting is mysterious or local or ephemeral when it is clear and focused. We may need danger to force us to be good, but Mrs. Miniver knew that we would be better off if we did not. Being good should be driven not only by expediency and military strength, but by moral conviction and decency. The West might have stood up for its values long before Sept. 11. That would have been good. We ought not to fight a single instance of evil now and feel redeemed, in order that we can be excused from the greater wrongdoing.

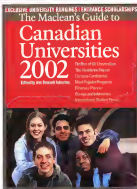
If 9/11 is America's Mrs. Miniver, so too is the time after the attack in Afghanistan been very much like Miniver's "phony war" in 1939. Such a period can be enervating. Keeping up spirits is difficult. But think Americans are a little like their British cousins. How did Hitler win, Mrs. Miniver wrote during the phony war, "to allow us to become not only stupid but bored. The autob is never really dangerous until it's bored." The bulking and the eagle sit with us yet.

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Looking for art in the aftermath

An ethos of compassion and criticism emerges from the ruins of 9/11

IT BEGAN with images, playing to a vast audience. And as we tried to fathom the reality of what was happening, film was the unavoidable reference point — "It's like a movie." At the same time, with thousands of cameras aimed upwards, the destruction of the World Trade Center became the most photographed event in history. Out of the images, an entire culture emerged. It was one of naked metaphor—volcanic eruption from a blue sky, the urban dread of nuclear winter, the two jingoists of freedom lowering a flag. There would be beauty in the horror, art in the ruin. And in the months that followed, through the polarizing lenses of bereavement and war, culture took on new dimensions everywhere we looked.

In an uneasy media-wide truce to the 9/11 anniversary, it's hard to find the art amid the hype. But from that first New

York magazine cover, with the twin towers barely visible as black-on-black silhouettes, the tragedy inspired artists. They made poets, musicians, playwrights, comedians, choreographers, architects and independent filmmakers. Their work ranges from *The Assassination*, Bruce Springsteen's somber album of elegies and anthems, to *Aquaman 9/11*, a dance version of Verdi's opera performed at Ottawa's National Arts Centre last week. And the tone of this new art fills the emotional spectrum, from lachrymose to nosebleed.

Of course, Sept. 11 found its most brutal likeness in the action blockbuster, and Hollywood's first reaction to the event was endorsement, as the studios pre-

pared or performed cosmetic surgery on movies that suddenly seemed in bad taste. Before long, however, as bombs rained on Afghanistan, Hollywood was rushing war movies into release to stake a claim for military patriotism. It usually takes more than a year to make a Hollywood picture, so we'll have to wait for the stories of courage and heroism in Manhattan to make their way to the big screen. And the taboo against 9/11 exploitation has been permanent enough that the inevitable TV movies have yet to materialize—although this fall's TV season is oversaturated with terrorist horrors (*Everwood*, *Alone*) and missing persons (*Without a Trace*).

This week, meanwhile, the Toronto International Film Festival—which was stopped in its tracks last year by the terrorist attacks—observes the anniversary

IN LONDON New York's tragedy drives the story of a Tel Aviv car bomb off the air

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MEDIA

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with premieres of three features dealing directly with the tragedy. Two are adaptations of New York City plays. The Gipsy stars Sigourney Weaver and Anthony LaPaglia in a movie based on Anne Nelson's hit drama about a journalist writing eulogies of famous lost in the World Trade Center. *Rena Rebel Without a Pause* offers an outrageous comic analogue by a radical New York feminist who, despite the "death of rage," became the first performer to systematically crush the taboo against 9/11 humor. And the French produced *11/09/01* goes on larger national focus on the event with an anthology of 15-minute shorts by 11 of the world's top directors.

Peter Handberg, director of the Toronto festival, says he was unsure how to handle the anniversary as film. "We thought, 'Will anyone want their film projected on Sept. 11?' In the end, all the studios and even the independent and European *Reinvention* backed away from this date." But then along came *The Gipsy* and *11/09/01*, and that day's gala date was filled. The latter film, however, has already aroused controversy, with America studying it as "anti-American." On American might be more accurate.

Among the 11 shorts, one by Britain's Ken Loach points out that on Sept. 11 already has a profound resonance—in the anniversary of the 1975 military coup that toppled the elected Allende government, with American support. Proscovitch, Egyptian filmmaker Youssef Chahine evokes the ghosts of an American



Weaver and LaPaglia (in uniform) star in *The Gipsy*, and Rena crashes the historic taboo.

murder and a Palestinian suicide bomber. Israel's Anne Gers offers a scenario of a reporter covering a car bomb explosion in Tel Aviv who can't get her story on the air because a "bigger one is unfolding in New York. And Iranian director Samira Mahmoudi depicts a schoolteacher in rural Iran trying to explain office towers and cellphones to children who have never seen them. Running through *11/09/01* is a challenge to the notion that America is the centre of the world, as that its tragedy has no precedent. And Handberg goes so far as to call the anthology "the first attempt by any group of artists to come to terms with the 'Why of Sept. 11'."

One 11/11 movie, however, tackles America on its own turf. In *Rena Rebel Without a Pause*, the performer known simply as Rena reflects on Sept. 11 with an incendiary wit and a machine-gun delivery. Imagine Fanny Braker from her burlesque days, with Emma Goldman's politics and Robin Williams' energy. Rena lived in

Manhattan's Tribeca district, in the shadow of the World Trade Center, a landmark she never cared for until it collapsed. She tells about being woken up by the impact of the plane hitting the first tower and joining "the miserable refugees of Tribeca... with YSL luggage." As her rant expands from the neighborhood to the nation, the Ground-Zero guerrilla pummels over the voodoo of patriotism, and her love-hate relationship with America. She also delivers scolding accusations of everyone from George W. Bush ("When he's not rehearsing, he's like a drunk trying to act sober") to Larry King ("the Ed Sullivan of the New York"). She gets away with it because she's funny, brutally honest—and from New York.

Singaporeans, from just across the water in New Jersey, is more reserved, to say the least. With *The Rising*, America's rock-leader has recorded pop culture's most poignant response to Sept. 11. Conquering an "emphysema" and a misty landscape of dust and blood, he reduces the tragedy to the loss of a loved one, "an emphysema in the bed where you used to be." But the man who once saw Ronald Reagan try to appropriate 9/11 as the U.S.A. as a Republican anthem avoids partisan accusations. Unlike Neil Young, who belted out with the knee-jerk vengeance of Led Zep, Singaporean offers poems of compassion—empathizing with Islam in the Arabic murmur of World Apart and the suicide bomber's scenario of Paradise.

Ironically, *The Rising's* most evocative dirge, *My City of Ruins*, is one of four songs on the album written before Sept. 11. Everything is up for reinterpretation. Pre-existing songs, films, books have suddenly acquired new meaning. B. Ruby Rich, a Toronto film festival programmer and assistant professor, has already caught a poem called "Wish After 9/11" at the University of California's Berkeley campus. Rich says she presented extraordinary tales such as *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962) and *Lo Ordre* (1974) to "show what happens in a moment of national panic." She also looked back on movies about terrorism from *Battle of Algiers* (1965), "which now looks like a recurring film for al-Qaeda," to *9/11* in *Fleeting* (1983), which chronicles with an attack on the World Trade Center. Art, like history, has a way of repeating itself.



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EVERYBODY REMEMBERS what they were doing when they got the news.

Everybody remembers where they called to see if they were safe.

Everybody remembers worrying when and where the terrorists would strike next.

Everybody remembers wondering if the world would ever get back to some semblance of normalcy.

It is humbling to think a new about what we thought the economy would do.

We agreed the terrorist had driven the U.S. — and perhaps the world — into a deep recession. We knew the travel industry was in crisis, and that some airlines would go bankrupt. We saw that debt loads across the country were at towering levels, and we assumed that those towers would prove as vulnerable as the World Trade Center. The stock market had a week to think about all the awful things that were going to happen before it responded, and it did so in a new three-year low.

Then George W. Bush started the surprises. Limp Son of Wimp gave a Churchillian call to arms, and the patriotic

juices began to flow from acts to sharing, not. Democrats unleashed an advertising barrage that appealed to one of the most basic of American instincts: the urge to spend on credit. The Fed drove interest rates down with the determination of Marianne Aronson of *Quora* forces.

Receipt for a nation's economic and stock market recovery: more a hearty dose of American patriotism with a substantial military victory, blind in the best mortgage rates in four decades and zero per cent new car financing. Skate, rattle-and-roll.

The U.S. economy emerged from a recession that economists only identified nine months later. The stock market took off as if shot from a howitzer.

The roller coaster ride wasn't over, because those lower rates were no barrier to cool down. The economic recovery detailed from five per cent real GDP growth to one per cent when it became apparent that, apart from cars and houses, there wasn't much spending on anything else. The stock market discovered that many of the members it had been using to

try to make a case for buying expensive stocks ranged from aggressively promotional to outright lies. One of the Big Five accounting firms was convicted of fraud and we were down to the Final Four — and nobody was too sure about them.

In the flush of victory over the Taliban, the New Four Horsepersons (Bush, Rumsfeld, Rice and Wolfowitz) started talking openly about "On to Baghdad!" as if ending Saddam's there would be another or perhaps triumph for smart planners armed with smart bombs and gizmos.

That call isn't resonating so powerfully across the land. Young Saddam to the terrorists isn't easy, because he's no Islamic fanatic, and most of the hundreds of thousands of people he's gassed, shot, bombed, tortured or contained have been Muslims.

So the war isn't having new victories to proclaim, and that means the populace is looking at the scene from again — a somewhat depressing sight. Retail sales, other than automobiles, are dwindling, housing remains strong, but there's daily talk of a new bubble, and business capital spending's share of GDP, which went

from 13 per cent in 1992 to 17 per cent in 1999-2000, is back down to 15 per cent and falling. The US\$86 trillion stock market meltdown drained wealth from consumers, pension funds and endowment funds, which means they have less money to spend even if they're eager to do so.

And yet.

Unemployment has remained below seven per cent, despite 16 months in which only one quarter's GDP was strong and three quarters were in actual recession. The thousands of security jobs created at airports, businesses and offices seem to have offset most of the other jobs lost in airports, businesses and offices.

Consumer confidence numbers are, but from fairly levels. This is not the American equivalent of Euro-angst.

Racial demographics are having a tough time commencing African Americans' with the country's work, they are once again the prime victims of an evil system. Cynthia McKinney, versus Black radical congresswoman from Georgia, said that in the Democratic primary there by a

Investors began to muse that maybe the share of crooks and con men among top management was roughly equal to that of the population at large.

moderns. Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton are having trouble drawing crowds.

Brace yourselves: we're facing a lot of guttural recording about of the nation's feeling about 9/11.

An American Automobile Association poll released Aug. 29 showed that travelers' confidence in airline safety has rebounded from 33 per cent to 75 per cent, indicating that most people think those long lines and big new baggage bomb-detection machines are working.

And the flags all seem to be flying almost everywhere. When the crowds stand for the Star-Spangled Banner, they still seem emotional.

The terrorists thought America would implode in response to the explosions at the twin towers and the Pentagon. Many economists thought the debt-heavy economy would buckle under the weight of terror fear and the stock market's problems. Yet it is performing at least as well as Europe, and no one is blaming al-Qaeda for Eurofunk.

H.L. Menckles observed that nobody ever went broke underestimating the taste of Americans. Doubtless, but short sellers could go broke underestimating the resilience of Americans.

This is a nation that reinvents itself as often and as quickly as needed. It may seem to have utterly inadequate political leadership and it really really does: but suddenly has tough, decisive, smart political leadership. Bush surprised nearly everyone last September, and he hasn't run out of adaptive skills (or lack) since.

As of mid-July, polls showed most investors had lost confidence in the nation's business leaders, and didn't think Bush's people were doing enough to clean things up. Then beleaguered Securities and Exchange Commission head Harvey

Part announced that all CEOs and CFOs would have to swear as of Aug. 34 that their published financial statements were

accurate. It looked like it had the potential to be the most dramatic reporting day in the 2000 or so years since word came from Rome that everybody had to go to their family city to be taxed.

Well, it didn't turn out that way. The big day came and went, with few big earnings announcements. The stock market breathed a sigh of relief and briefly called. No, confidence in Big Business hadn't come roaring back, but investors began to muse that maybe the percentage of crooks and con men among top management was roughly equal to that of the population at large. That meant most of the bad news was out, and investors could go back to focusing on the economy, interest rates and corporate profits, a return to normalcy.

We've always known that The Law of Unintended Consequences will act to bedevil the best laid plans of governments, bureaucrats, businessmen, and institutional agencies. We now know that terrorists are not exempt from this law — even those who thought the only law they had to follow was Shariah. Here's what can actually be credited to al-Qaeda.

1. Bin Laden's Bombing Brigade brought the U.S. together after the disputed election result had created a fracture that looked unbridgeable.

2. Bush's biggest war was to rebuild the Pentagon, making it leaner and tighter, and more dependent on advanced technology than on big armies boosting big tanks. Those plans alarmed the military-industrial complex, which declared war on Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld. As of Sept. 30, it looked as if Rumsfeld might have to throw in the towel. He cleverly waged two wars at once in Afghanistan: one against the Taliban, and one against Pentagon reactionaries. Rumsfeld hasn't been able to kill all the outdated weapons programs, but he's getting funding for R & D — and some progress on the weapons of tomorrow.

It's a year later, and most of the pain remains. But America turns out to be tougher, smarter and harder to hold down than most observers thought. Obama, yes! But Big America you're winning. Big.

Donald Cose is chairman of Harris Investments Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Javers Howard Investments. His columns appear in many weekly publications.



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The market dove to a new three-year low. Then Bush started the surprises. Limp Son of Wimp gave a Churchillian call to arms, and the patriotic juices began to flow.



My Islamic roots, my American home

AS I SAT at my computer in my Brooklyn apartment that morning (see Sept. 11, a message flashed onto my screen from a friend in December—telling me to turn on my television. Not that it was necessary, because all I had to do was look out my window, across the East River to Manhattan. My clear view of those dim grey-blue towers beyond Brooklyn's smelly brownstone houses had been transformed into a scene from a really bad Hollywood action movie. I watched the World Trade Center's twin towers on fire, and then see them collapse as though made of talcum powder.

Up to that morning, Islam had played a significant but fairly quiet role in my life. I was born in India and raised a Muslim in a tiny Persian Gulf country, the United Arab Emirates (UAE). A British accent was standard and moved into my voice by British schools there, and later at university in England. Last summer, fresh out of journalism school, I was very unemployed. Until Sept. 11, I had come across, I think, as an interesting and odd foreign person to most Americans I met. When the identities and histories of the hijackers became known—Muhammad Atta, for instance, had a UAE passport—that began to change. People I knew began asking me to “explain” Islam; their questions ranged from hysterical—“why are they doing this to us?”—to the usual well-meaning inquiries about why Islam oppressed women.

Despite some discomfort at suddenly being regarded as an authority on such things, I was at many ways grateful, because, at the same time, the television networks were airing seemingly endless scenes of people in the Middle East, Pakistan and Afghanistan, of veiled women and angry bearded men, saying that America had gotten what it deserved. I spent hours trying to remind myself that this was far removed from the Islam I grew up with—and explaining to people that my middle-class, suburban, mostly secular up-

bringing here no resemblance to what they saw on TV.

As Americans woke up to this part of the world that had presented itself in such frightening form, I, and others like me—South Asians, Arabs, Muslims—had to deal with a part of ourselves that we could not deny: one that set us apart as people to be wary of in the minds of some, and regarded as outright enemies in America's war on terror by others. This new scrutiny and alarm about Islam forced me to try to better understand it, both as a person and as a journalist.

With stories of hate crimes against South Asians and Muslims mounting in the days immediately after the attacks, I was off in search of a Muslim community in New York. I wanted to communicate their fears and outrage at what had happened to the rest of the world in my capacity as a journalist. It means having to reach out to people in a religious setting in which I do not often find myself—Friday afternoon prayers at a mosque, traditionally a time when the community goes together.



So on Sept. 14, the first Friday after the attacks, I presented myself at a small mosque in the East Village in Manhattan, not far from Ground Zero. It had been established by Bangladeshi immigrants in the 1970s. This community had lost many of its members when the towers fell. The mosque had been subject to some related backlash. But as the mosques reopened, they had also received tremendous support from non-Muslim neighbours, some of whom chased away demonstrators calling for the mosque to be destroyed or removed. I came away heartened at being able to write a positive story and grateful for the unexpected comfort I found in the prayer service.

But I was honestly startled by the feeling of being one of “them,” and not knowing quite what to do about it. A few months later, I found myself working at the New York Times, putting together collected mini-obituaries and profiles of the people lost on Sept. 11 for a book version of the newspaper's series *Portraits of Grief*. This involved regular contact with victims' families and friends. Every so often, a grieving spouse or parent would say, “That's an unusual name you have,” or a flustered firefighter would ask, “So where did you get that accent?”—immediately followed by “Where are you from?” I was never more glad than to be able to answer “India.” I would say this while silently offering a prayer in praise of my grandparents, who opted to stay in India at the time of partition in 1947. It was a strange and sorrowful feeling, but I couldn't bear the thought of being thought of by this group of all people, as one of “them.”

The last year has forced everyone to reassess something in our lives, be it relationships with estranged family members, acceptable levels of patriotic fervour, or depths of religious devotion. For me, and others like me, born and raised in a part of the world that conflicts the one that we now live in, it has meant trying harder than ever not to get caught in the purported “Clash of Civilizations”—and using our knowledge and understanding of both to somehow try to make some sense of it all.

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